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Vol. CCIII, No. 2655
DECEMBER 30, 1950

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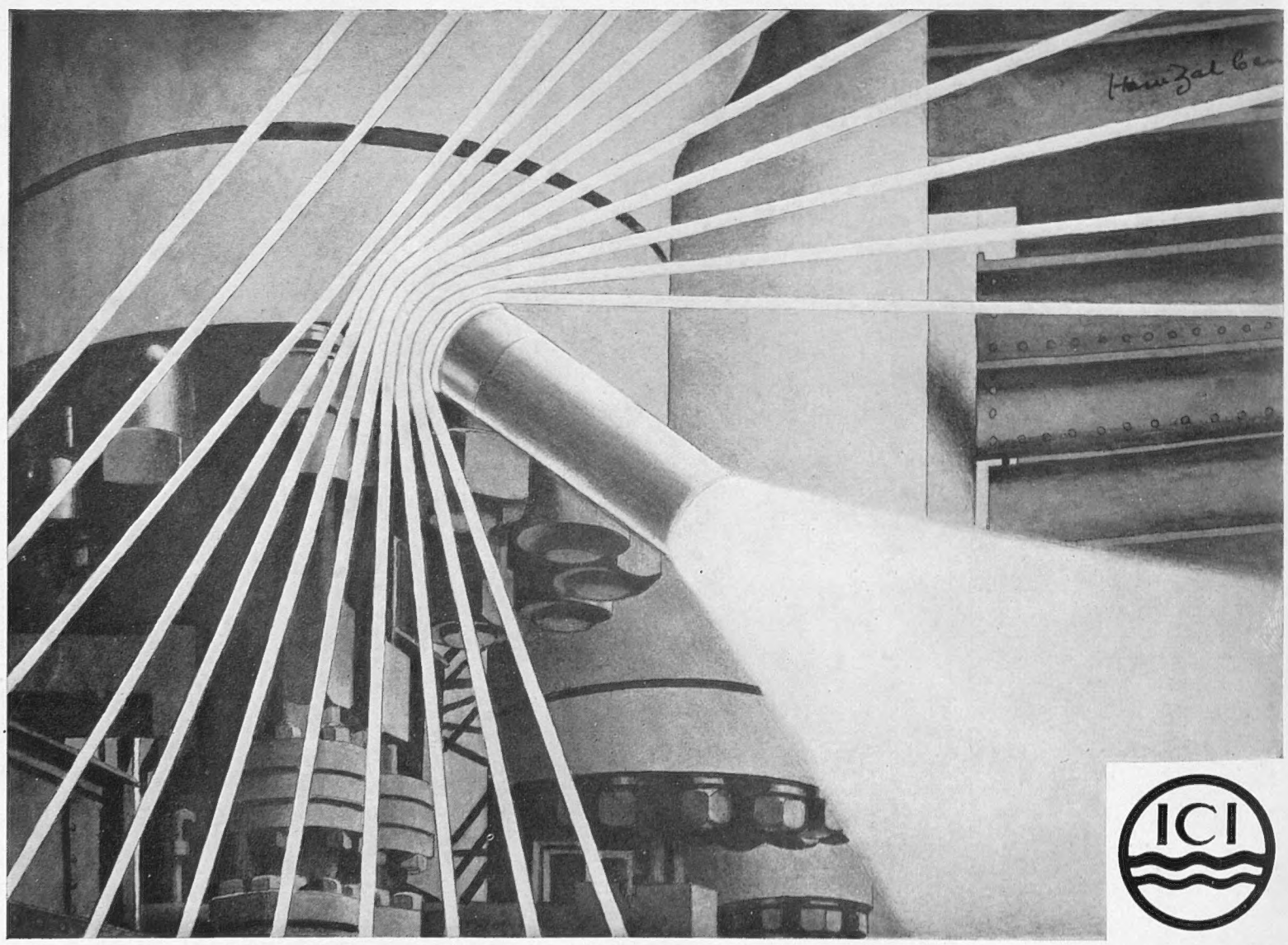
Power Cartridge

Modern explosives date back only to 1866 when Alfred Nobel invented dynamite. Of the many explosive substances which followed nearly all can be usefully employed in mining and quarrying, but powerful explosives may be difficult to control, save in the hands of experts. Some explosives, however, had until recently no use except in firearms. But in the early 1930's, I.C.I. research workers at Ardeer in Scotland discovered a method of modifying explosives so that their power may be accurately controlled and harnessed for useful work. At first what are called Power Cartridges, loaded with this modified explosive, were used for starting aeroplane engines. But further research at Ardeer has led to the discovery of new substances which achieve similar results with much greater certainty. Power Cartridges, for instance, can now be made to exert several horsepower for periods varying from one hundredth of a second to several minutes. Their uses range from starting farm tractors and heavy oil engines to propelling model aeroplanes, and from driving in rivets to operating fire extinguishers and the landing gear of aircraft.



Volume CCIII No. 2655

The SPHERE, London, December 30, 1950

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

AMERICA'S NEW ENVOY TO BRITAIN—MR. WALTER SHERMAN GIFFORD STANDING ON THE STEPS OF HIS OFFICIAL RESIDENCE AT PRINCE'S GATE IN COMPANY WITH MRS. GIFFORD AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN LONDON TO TAKE UP HIS APPOINTMENT AS AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S: Mr. Gifford, who came to England in the liner *America*, declared in his first Press interview: "I hope to go on with the very successful work of my friend and predecessor, Mr. Lewis Douglas."

Mr. Walter Sherman Gifford, the new U.S. Ambassador in London, has lately resigned the presidency of the largest private business in the world in order to take up his new appointment and, as he says, "to start out at the age of sixty-five in an entirely new field." Mr. Gifford was the brilliantly successful head of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which held a reception in his honour before his departure from New York. On that occasion, it is recorded that he shook hands with over 1,500 of his employees. During the war Mr. Gifford gained a great reputation as a hustler, earning a Distinguished Service Medal, America's highest civilian decoration, for speeding arms production. Mr. and Mrs. Gifford planned on arrival in London to spend a quiet Christmas before embarking on the tasks of the New Year. The first of a long list of important functions, following the presentation of letters of credence to the King on December 21, will be the Pilgrims' dinner to Mr. Gifford on January 9. Lord Halifax will preside and Mr. Bevin, the Foreign Minister, will support the toast.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

1951 ?—A year of fate ? A year of festival ? The year of the turn of "this horrible century" is not an easy year to estimate in advance. For the last eight years I have kept what I am pleased to call my diary in parallel form. It is in a private shorthand, and records only details of the weather and routine events, but each New Year's Day hints at some hope of betterment. It is painful or comic to look back at these New Year hopes. For twenty-six years I have wished a happy New Year to SPHERE readers, not with tongue in cheek, but hoping against hope. There is no cynicism in my wishes and hopes for 1951. None, I think, has gone to the post more certainly a rank outsider. But so did Hermit and Signorinetta, and they pulled it off, and many an optimist filled his pocket. (I did so myself on Signorinetta.) For what do we *know* ? How can we judge the chances of better things ? Things move so rapidly nowadays from crisis to improvement, from despair to hope. We live in two worlds all the time ; we plan for an inevitable war and build pleasure domes for a millennium ; we drive on, tempted with carrots ahead, prodded with goads from behind, into a future dark as Acheron and as cheerless and cold. Let us this year put our money on the old cliché : *It is darkest before the dawn.* Let us comfort ourselves with the reflection that the darkness is so opaque that dawn *can't* be far off. In short, let us hope, and declare to our pessimist friends that the second half of this horrible century will prove —in comparison with the first half— a bathos, a failure, positively a comic relief. A happy New Year to all readers and fellow-travellers into the unknown. Rank outsiders *have* romped home. Why not the grey mare 1951 ?

Marshall Aid.—When I was young, a man was not condemned if he achieved financial independence and was proud of it. Indeed, he was encouraged to do both. As for a nation, its financial independence was regarded as an essential proof of its right to call itself civilised. The world has changed a lot since my youth. Much has happened to alter all that. So much indeed that it was gratifying to hear a Socialist Minister modestly congratulating our little nation in having nearly achieved its independence and not even discouraging us from taking a little honest pride in the thought. We have been a good boy ; we have brought home for the Christmas holidays a better report than usual. Our form-master and housemaster have said some nice things about our progress last half, and our parents are pleased and have patted us on the back. Marshall Aid now ceases for us, *pro tem.* We are to try to stand on our own bottom. That fact should in time restore to us some national qualities which we have ceased to employ. Marshall Aid will never be forgotten. It is a colossus of history. Our posterity will have to learn all about it in classrooms. Morally, financially, internationally, socially it created precedents and broke all records. If we are proud to relinquish it, how much more proud may be Americans, now and hereafter, to have invented it.

"To be Taxed . . ."—The object of Joseph's journey in the dear and familiar Christmas story was I believe) misunderstood by a mistranslation. It was not "to be taxed" but to register for a national census. There is no hope in our case that in 1951 we shall be asked no more than to register. No doubt we shall be taxed, taxed directly and indirectly as high as, if not higher than, at any time in our history. The discontinuance of Marshall Aid can only result ultimately in further calls on the taxpayer. The imponderables are all of them tax-gatherers, not one can conceivably bring relief in taxation. It is a grim prospect, the Budget of 1951—grim enough for a grin. For, with soaring prices for necessities, the supertax class at least have for years paid their shot out of capital. We may be very sure that we travel into 1951 to be taxed, and that the journey will be in a vicious circle. And I cannot imagine any superman Chancellor appearing to tell us that our journey is not really necessary. We have already reached the point where a tax on income is a capital levy, and capital, like the snowman on the lawn, ultimately melts and disappears, taking its offspring, income, with it.

CHRISTMASTIDE IN THE NORTH COUNTRY—THE MANCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS' CAROL SERVICE AT ST. ANNE'S CHURCH : The scene within the church during the lunchtime service before the Christmas holiday. The school choir occupied the church choir stalls for the service. Probably the most notable of all College and School Carol Services is that of the Carol Service of the Nine Lessons, broadcast on each Christmas Eve from King's College, Cambridge.

Bevin's Quest.—Poor Mr. Bevin ! He had my prayers and sympathy when he crossed in a gale for Brussels. Will he also return, like his chief, bringing his sheaves with him, a basket of brussels sprouts from the long row he has been assiduously hoeing ? Against our present enemies, who work silently and rapidly, these sheaves of words, phrases and formulæ may look pretty enough as a church decoration, but they don't grind down into good standard flour or make much of a meal in a dish. What we want now are united *actions.* And what worlds away the working machine seems, and must seem, to us who have grown greyer reading the reports of the doubts, difficulties and dissensions about the drawing of the first blue print. These Western statesmen pin their faith on Canute's *hubris,* and still believe that a really fine formula or phrase may halt the tide or stem Etna's lava-flow. But *this* time it is going to be all right, said poor Mr. Perrin-Bevin, as he crossed in a gale. This time his basket will return with some edible brussels sprouts. God send it be so !

Parliament Shows the Way.—Parliament's last session before the recess for the season of *goodwill towards men* showed our famous institution at its most "human." For if it be human to make and express good resolutions and instantly to contradict them in action, then Parliament is very human indeed. For a nastier exhibition of what the Primate, Dr. Fisher, in Australia called their "manners of ill-bred schoolboys," seldom attended the break-up ceremonies of Westminster's Dirty-boys Hall. Speakers of all parties began the day by paying tribute to the grace and courtesy of Oliver Stanley, a model of what a parliamentarian should be. At the beginning of the session they had lauded to the skies the glories and graces of our democratic parliamentary ways. For their break-up ceremony they chose the methods of the gutter. No doubt, it was just "pretty Fanny's way" ; no doubt the House is still "the finest club in the world" ; perhaps boos and vituperation and mud-slinging and catcalls are just bursts of high spirits by schoolboys in holiday mood. You and I were not present, and to us these evidences of human frailty seemed to come rather too swiftly on the heels of those tributes to a *preux chevalier,* tributes which at least could be *read* as sincere.

The Fate of Young Conscripts.—We may expect that the plans to increase our military strength in Germany and the necessary reinforcement elsewhere, must very considerably affect the future of our young men now beginning their conscript service. Already some such changes have been announced, and several battalions at home, at present engaged in a training role, will be relieved of this duty in order to regroup as active battalions. In some cases this must clearly imply totally new venues for conscript trainees, and must, of course, nullify the plans and hopes of those parents who desired that the first few weeks of training should be passed in a locality sufficiently near their homes as to make possible for their conscript sons some home contacts during the frequent twenty-four-hour leave periods. I have already commented (with no "helpful" reply from the P.R.O. for whose reply I angled) on the fact that conscripts have no parents. They only have, ultimately, next-of-kin. Perhaps the P.R.O. (or principal publicity officer for the Minister or Ministry concerned) may be moved so far as to go outside his self-imposed and usual role to assure such next-of-kin generally that this tremendous change will not reduce the training period of these boys and send them abroad to active fronts after a bare six weeks on the square. But I doubt if he will do so, and I fancy the conscript fathers may expect anything, however unpleasant, unexpected and unexplained.

Pryde and Sportsmanship.—The Member for Midlothian and Peebles (Pryde o' Peebles) opposed the Salmon Poaching Bill. "It was an attempt to usurp the inalienable right of native people to take fish from the river as their larders required, just as their forefathers had done for over 2,000 years." The quotation would be received as quite unexceptionable—in Hyde Park *via* a soapbox. But in Parliament ? In Parliament it would receive a little more critical examination. And even if the premise were judged to be true, criticism of Mr. Pryde's contention would not be cut away ; 2,000 years ago gunpowder was not in common use ; 2,000 years ago the native's larder was not as large as a warehouse. No doubt the "fence" existed even in the year one but he operated on a humbler scale. And quite apart from 2,000 years of legislation designed to protect human rights and property (some of which is outworn), it is even to-day not "cricket" to descend in a gang by night on a fellow native's private property with explosives and nets in order to fill a receiver's larder. Mr. Pryde is rather a gamesman than a sportsman, a demogague and not a very expert historian. Many a Scot or Borderer may take pride in his cattle-lifting and poaching ancestors. But most would admit that there came an interlude in our long island story when stealing cattle and fish and even silver spoons came to be regarded as "not the thing" for sober citizens or natives.

Denigration of England.—Sir A. Maxwell, tourist chief, expressed his sorrow and concern at the prevalent fashion among our own people abroad of denigrating this country. In a quoted sentence not very clear or grammatical, he declared that the British "are so enamoured of their own country that they tell everyone how awful it is here [i.e., Switzerland ?]." His meaning leaks out. He is unhappy to find that (despite new bribes to send and to keep us abroad), we are not proving good ambassadors to attract custom to our Festival Year. It may be so. How general is the habit, I do not know. But there are excuses. *Politeness :* How often when one dines with a friend does one say to him : "I wish our dining-room was as warm as yours. How *do* you do it ? " ; or "How good this dish is ! I envy you your cook." *Gratitude :* You set out from a British port in fog, slush, intense cold and darkness. You wake up three mornings later to warm your heart and body under a benign sun, blue skies and dreaming palms. It is a very venial crime against your country if you tell one of your new hosts that conditions here to-day are pleasanter than they were in England three days ago. *Realism or love of Truth.* I say it with hesitation, but a truthful man *might* be impelled by sheer love of truth to hint at least in his reply to a query : "How do you like our country ? " that it compared favourably even with England in the middle of a late December thaw. I think our Traffic Chief used perhaps too heavy a whip to trounce us.

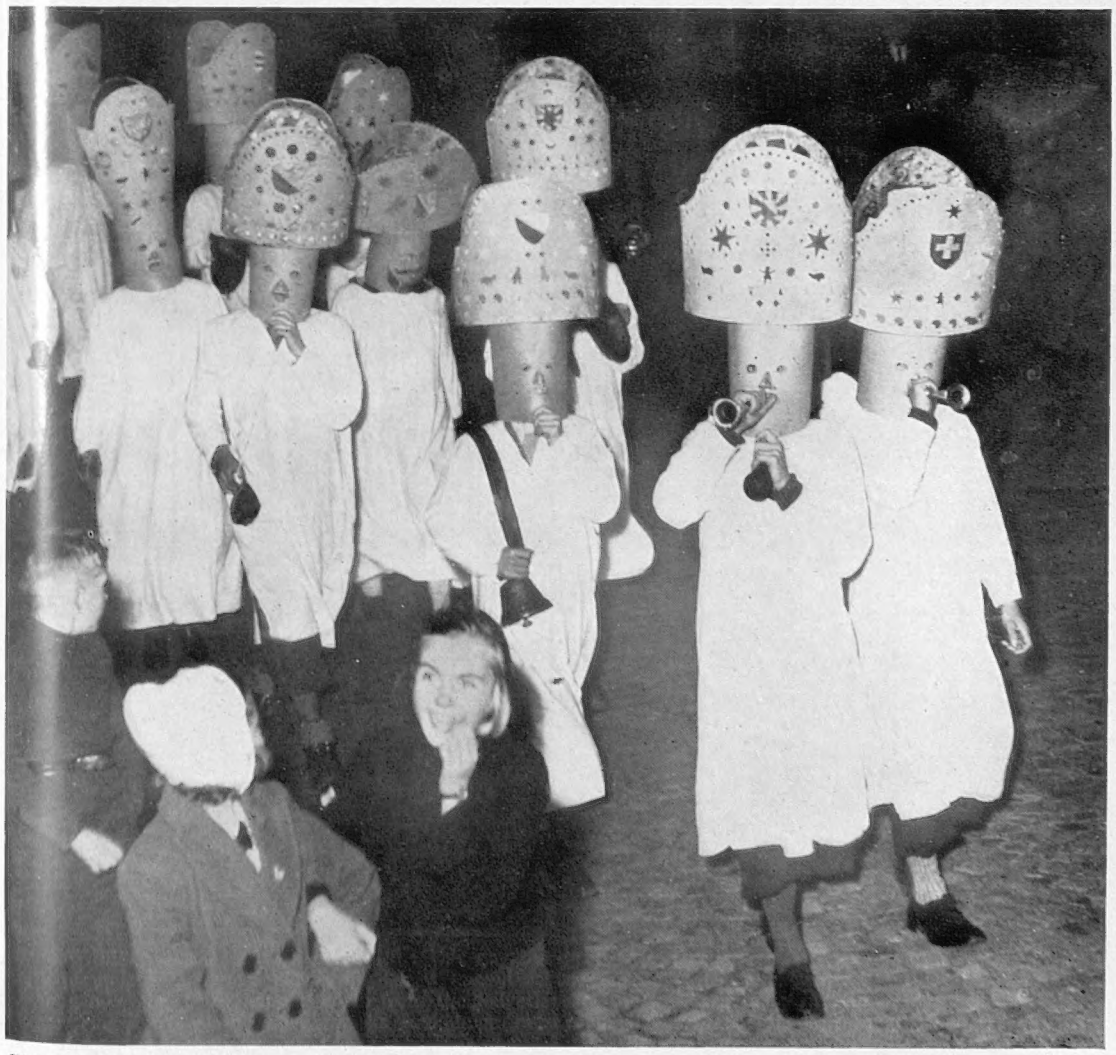
THE OLD STAGER

CHRISTMAS IN THREE COUNTRIES

The Norwegian Tree in London :
Swiss Children on Parade :
Mass in the Holy Land

LIGHTING THE NORWEGIAN CHRISTMAS-TREE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE : This was the scene as the now famous tree, gift of the people of Oslo to the people of London in recognition of wartime co-operation, was illuminated for the first time. The illuminations will continue until January 5, from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m., except New Year's Eve, when the lights will be kept on until 12.15 a.m. The inauguration of the tree was accompanied by carol singing by the Strand House Choir, and later in the same evening by the Crofton Singers.

HOLY MASS IN THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE AT LYDDA, ISRAEL : Bishop Epiphanius of Jordan, dignitary of the Greek Orthodox Church in Israel, is seen officiating at the Christmas mass. Many of Israel's Christian Arabs belong to the Greek Orthodox Community and the Bishop crossed from the Kingdom of Jordan to Israel for the ceremony.

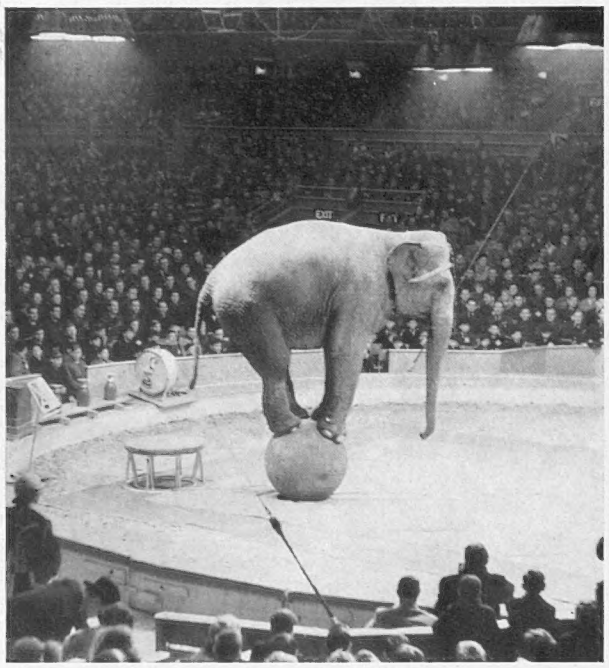


CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS IN SWITZERLAND : This gay but grotesque parade passed through the streets of Zurich and up the Lindenhof Platz Hill. It is known as the parade of the Wollishofer Klauses, and is of semi-pagan origin, being handed down from the Helvetians of the pre-Christmas era. Hundreds of young people, wearing long white robes, masks and huge mushroom-shaped hats, dance through the streets, their purpose being to ward off the Spirit of Winter. Similar performances are given in the little Swiss town of Kussnacht, near the shores of Lake Lucerne. St. Nicholas is always a central figure in the parades.

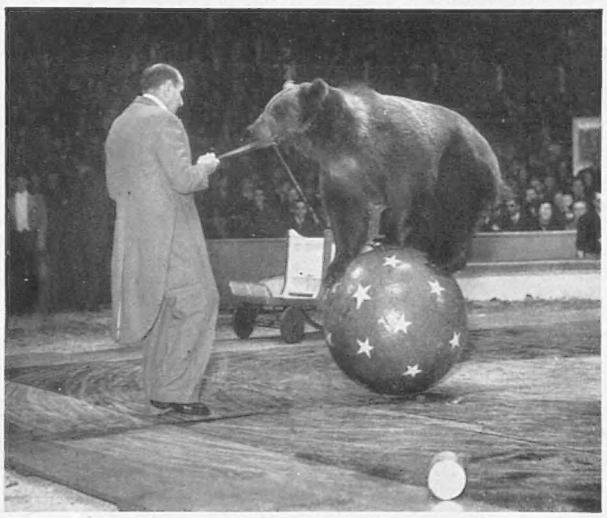
BISHOP EPIPHANIUS OF JORDAN AT THE CHRISTMASTIDE SERVICE AT LYDDA : He holds a pair of candlesticks, each with burning candles in a St. Andrew's cross. Beside him stand three priests of Lydda.

UNDER OLYMPIA'S "BIG TOP"

THRILLS AND SKILLS OF THE BERTRAM MILLS CHRISTMAS CIRCUS, ONCE AGAIN IN LONDON

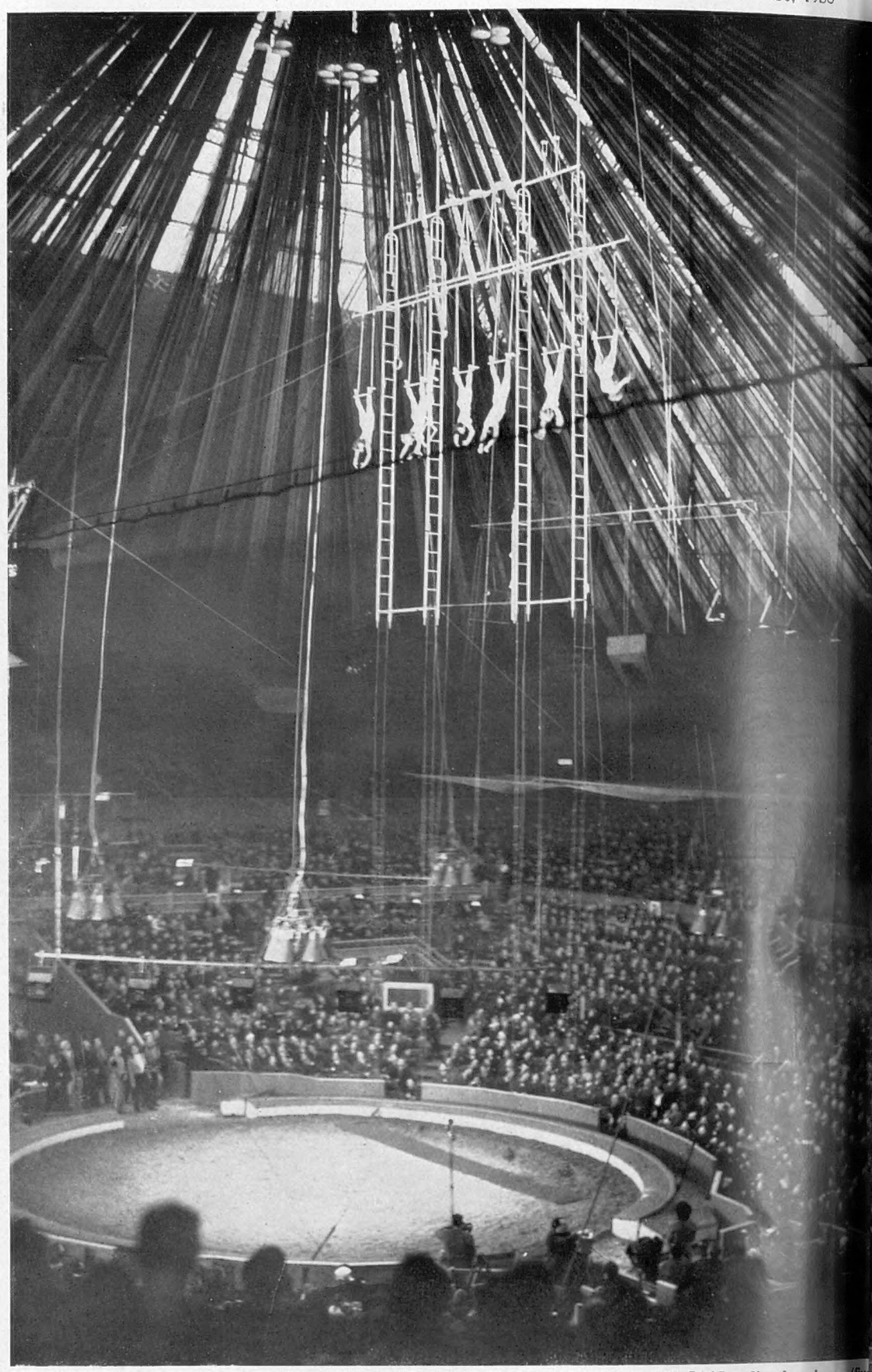


THE BALL GAME: One of Adolf Fischer's elephants in action at the Bertram Mills Circus, now in its twenty-fourth season, which is once again delighting Londoners at Olympia. The Fischers have trained many animals, but both are emphatic regarding the brains and personality of the Indian elephant.

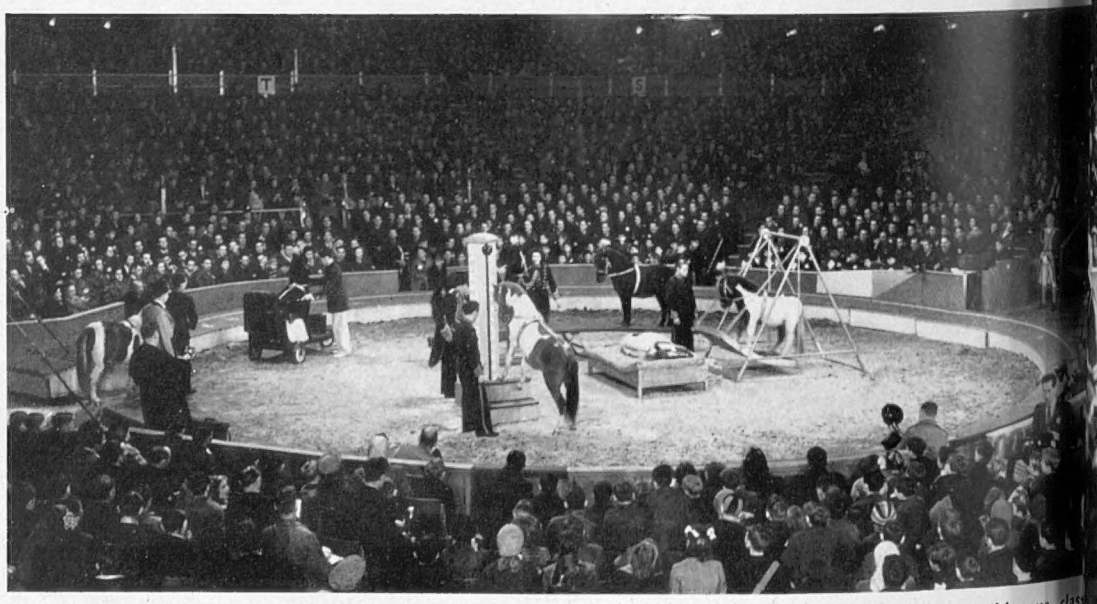


BEARS HAVE A FINE SENSE OF BALANCE, AND THIS IS THE KEY TO THEIR SUCCESS AS ENTERTAINERS IN THE CIRCUS: Here is one of Guldan's bears giving a spectacular performance in the sawdust ring under the "big top" at Olympia.

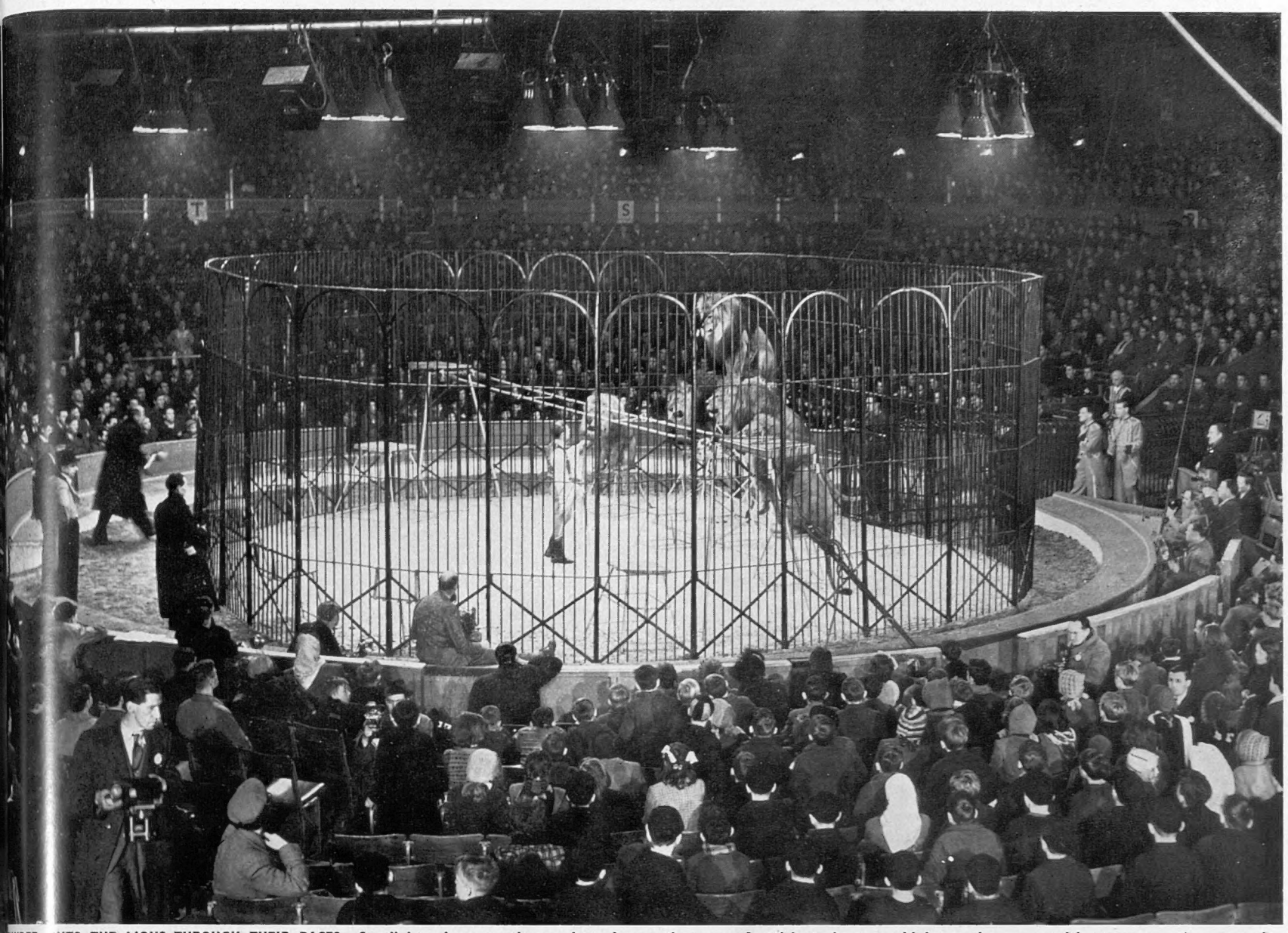
THE LORANDOS, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND: This comedy team from Scandinavia take things very earnestly, but despite their endeavours everything invariably goes wrong, once they get on the tight wire. As usual, the Bertram Mills Circus in an admirable blending of well-tried favourites and new and brilliant stunts.



THE HOLLYWOOD SKY BALLET SWING WITH NONCHALANCE FROM TRAPEZES IN THE ROOF: Six Americans (five charming girls and one man) provide one of the big moments of the Olympia Circus, 1950-51. John Gibson, leader of the Sky Ballet, has specialised in aerial feats all his life, having worked as a stunt instructor on Hollywood film sets. One of his tasks was training Robin Hood's merry men in their tree-dropping operations.



THE SHETLAND PONIES' KINDERGARTEN: Here Roy Holt takes charge of an enthusiastic but mischievous class. It is quite one of the most attractive equine acts at Olympia, as the ponies so obviously seem to enjoy their own display. The same can be said of the jockey dogs, which go about their work, leaping on the backs of galloping horses, with quite astonishing zest. When this picture was taken the act was being done at a special preview for London schoolchildren.



ANDER UTS THE LIONS THROUGH THEIR PACES : Spotlights gleam on the sawdust ring as the young Scottish trainer, combining cool courage with supreme patience, reaches a breathless moment in the act. This is when Negus climbs aloft and does his wire-walking feat.

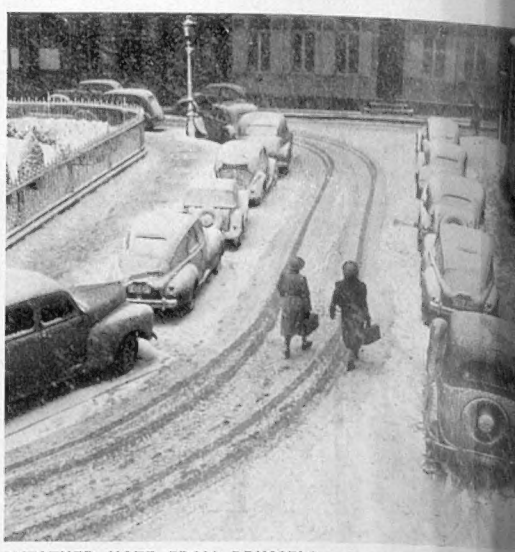
CUMBERLANDS ARE HERE AGAIN WITH THEIR EQUESTRIAN ACT IN THE TRADITIONAL CIRCUS MANNER : In the modest phraseology of the sawdust ring, this "tornado of talent" gives an exhibition of reckless daring. The Cumberlands are an all-British team, and are now old favourites with Christmas audiences at Olympia.

AMERICA'S LEADING LADY ON THE BOUNCING ROPE : La Tosca in action with the Ringmaster standing below as she does her act. At the preview performance, in the presence of 6,000 children, La Tosca met with an accident, missing the wire and crashing to the ground. She was carried away unconscious after her fall, and taken to hospital to be X-rayed. No bones were broken, however, and she was able to resume at the next performance although limping rather noticeably.

THE ATLANTIC PACT CONFERENCE MEETS IN BRUSSELS

AND APPROVES THE PLAN FOR GERMAN PARTICIPATION IN WESTERN DEFENCE

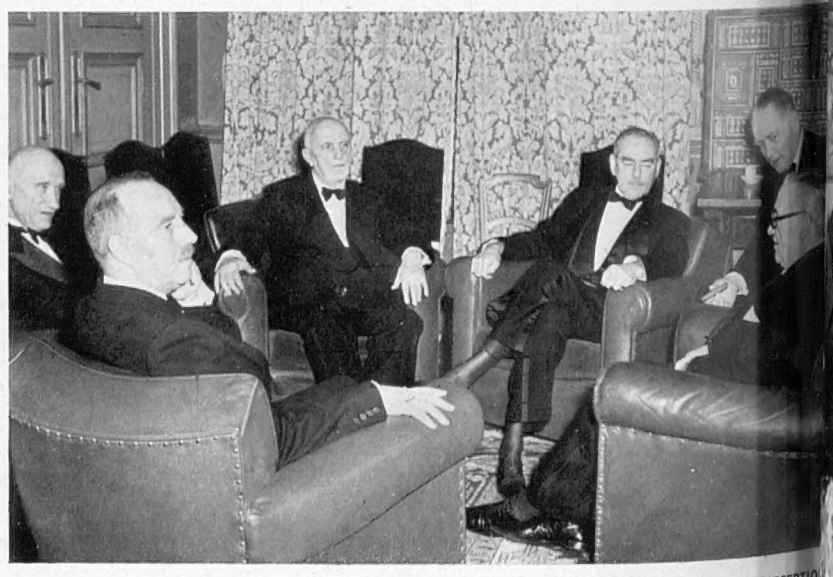
THE AMERICAN DELEGATES AT THE ATLANTIC PACT FOREIGN AND DEFENCE MINISTERS CONFERENCE IN BRUSSELS AT WHICH A SUPREME COMMANDER WAS APPOINTED AND GERMAN PARTICIPATION IN DEFENCE WAS AGREED: Mr. Frank Pace (left), Secretary of the U.S. Army, and Mr. Dean Acheson, the U.S. Secretary of State, at the Conference which opened in the Palais Provincial. Mr. Acheson's departure for Europe had coincided with the latest attack upon his reputation by the American Republicans, who have called upon Mr. Truman to dispense with Mr. Acheson's services. Mr. Truman and Democratic colleagues have leapt to the defence of Mr. Acheson, pointing out his staunchness in calling for world resistance to the forces of Communism. The Brussels Conference opened in a most cordial atmosphere, and one of the first announcements was that General Eisenhower had been appointed Supreme Commander.



WEATHER NOTE FROM BRUSSELS: Cars lined up outsi the Conference hall when the Atlantic Pact Foreig and Defence Ministers began their deliberation

DUTCH REPRESENTATIVES AT THE PALAIS PROVINCIAL IN BRUSSELS: Left to right, seated, are Mr. A. W. L. Tjarda van Starkenborch Stachouwer, Netherlands representative on the North Atlantic Deputies Council, which has been meeting in London; Dr. Stikker, the Netherlands Foreign Minister; Mr. J. L. S. Jacob, the Defence Minister; and General H. G. Kruls.

MR. SHINWELL AND MR. BEVIN SIT SIDE BY SIDE: Britain's Defence Minister and the Foreign Minister in the Palais Provincial. Mr. Bevin, in a speech ending with the words "Britain will give of her best," promised an increased armaments programme in Britain. He did not promise that British Divisions now in Germany and Austria would come under Eisenhower's command, but this was presumed



AN ARMCHAIR CONFERENCE OF FOREIGN MINISTERS DURING AN EVENING RECEPTIO HELD AT THE BELGIAN FOREIGN OFFICE: M. Van Zeeland, M. Schuman, Coun Sforza, Mr. Dean Acheson, Dr. Stikker and Mr. Bevin in conversation on on of the social occasions linked with the Brussels Conference. *On left—Th* French delegates, Lieut.-General Lecheres, M. Jules Moch and M. Schuman

BEVIN ARRIVES IN BRUSSELS : The Foreign Minister is escorted by Sir John Helier Le Rougetel, the British Ambassador in Brussels.

UMABLY UNWORRIED BY THE ATTACKS BEHIND HIS BA K : Mr. Dean Acheson, smiling broadly during conversation with M. Van Zeeland, the Belgian Foreign Minister. As one of the original negotiat rs of the North Atlantic Pact, Mr. Acheson can affo d to ignore those in America who accuse him of a peasement and softness towards Communism.

THE BANQUET TO THE ATLANTIC PACT DELEGATES : M. Van Zeeland (back to camera) presiding at the dinner which he gave in Brussels to the visiting Foreign Ministers and Defence Ministers. Madame Van Zeeland can be seen at the opposite end of the dining-table, facing her husband.

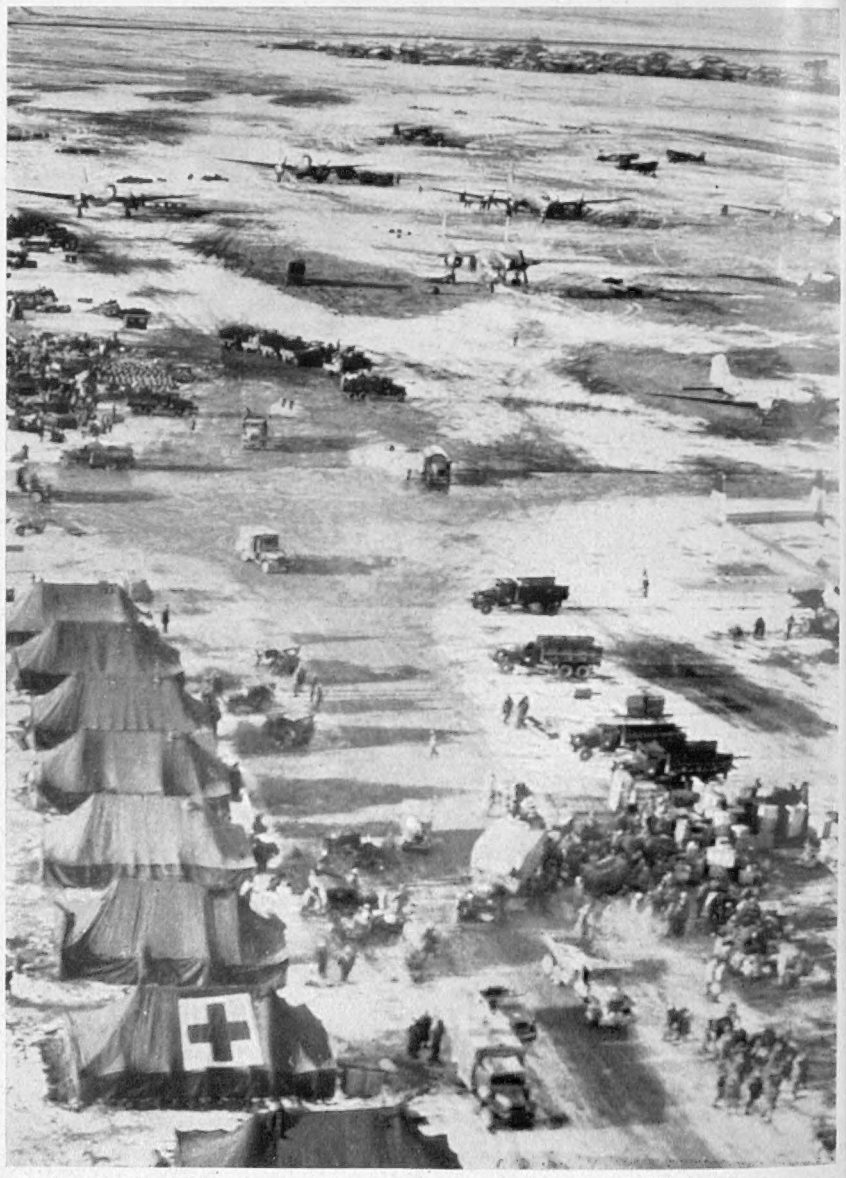
THEIR HOSTESS JOINED IN AN INTERNATIONAL TETE-A-TETE : Mr. Bevin and M. Schuman, Foreign Ministers of Great Britain and France, seen with Madame Van Zeeland at the reception before the dinner given by the Van Zeelands to the visiting delegates. *On left*—Mr. Shinwell at the dinner.

THE EIGHTH ARMY RETREATS TO THE 38th PARALLEL

And 10th Corps Seek to Extricate Themselves from Hungnam

TANKS OF THE 25TH DIVISION OF THE EIGHTH ARMY PASSING THROUGH SARIWON AS THEY WITHDREW TOWARDS THE NEW DEFENCE LINE ON THE 38TH PARALLEL : Here a long convoy of American troops is seen halting for a midday meal, half-way between Pyongyang and the new defence line. The men have left their tanks and are cooking rations in a depression in the ground at a fork in the roads. The retreat was well ordered, thanks to the efforts of the military police in diverting the great crowds of refugees on to subsidiary roads. It was a few days after this picture was taken that Chinese began to mass in this area

LOST IN THE STREAM OF WAR : A tiny, half-frozen child sits huddled and crying in a gutter scarcely noticed as a United Nations convoy roars by. This was one of countless 8th Army convoys which headed south from North Korea along roads kept clear by the military police. The 27th and 29th Brigades of the British Commonwealth have been engaged in this retreat with the 8th Army.



THE YONPO AIRFIELD, WHICH WAS ABANDONED BY THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES : This airfield, near the evacuation port of Hungnam, was given up when the Americans decided to shorten their defence perimeter. A disabled transport aircraft and some supplies were destroyed before the evacuation, the news of which was held up temporarily at Tokyo headquarters. With the loss of the airport a smaller runway was developed within the Hungnam beachhead.

TRAPPED IN THE FROZEN WASTES IN THE AREA OF THE CHOSIN RESERVOIR IN NORTH-EAST KOREA: This aerial view shows men of the 1st Marine Division, United States Army, in camp from which they started their historic retreat to the sea. In the background is the improvised air-strip from which the wounded were evacuated, and into which supplies were brought. Since this picture was taken the long and heroic march back to the beachhead on the east coast of North Korea has passed into military history. At the time of writing the military task confronting MacArthur's commanders is to get the men of the 10th Corps out of the perimeter, and into the fighting line again at a point near the 38th Parallel.

BACK TO THE KOREAN DUNKIRK

THE FIGHTING RETREAT OF THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION FROM CHOSIN TO HUNGNAM

Below—STORES AND EQUIPMENT PILE UP IN THE BEACHHEAD AT HUNGNAM, THE KOREAN DUNKIRK: This equipment was awaiting transhipment in the port where the Americans of 10th Corps set up a defensive perimeter, seeking to hold the Chinese at bay until they could get men and supplies out to sea. Heavy Chinese attacks on the perimeter developed.

b

AN ANGEL CHOIR OF MONUMENTAL PROPORTIONS ERECTED AS A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR DISPLAY IN AN AMERICAN PARK: These giant figures, made from a Du Pont plastic and designed by James B. Lowe, of Ridgewood, New Jersey, have been erected in Washington Memorial Park at Paramus, New Jersey, twelve miles west of the George Washington Bridge leading to New York. The five figures, forming the angel choir, tower to a height of 35 ft. and set in their midst is an amplifying system, so that the passing motorist gains the impression that he is hearing carols from their lips. A series of ever-changing lights plays on the group. A different programme of Christmas music is being held in the park every evening.

FAREWELL TO A GRAND OLD LADY OF THE PACIFIC: On her last round trip between Sydney and Vancouver, the 17,490-ton motor-ship *Aorangi* is seen passing under Sydney Harbour Bridge and heading for the Pacific. The *Aorangi* is being withdrawn by her owners, the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, and offered for sale, as this route does not pay its way (owing mainly to shortage of cargoes through dollar restrictions). It has been suggested to the Minister of Immigration at Canberra that the Government should purchase the ship to attract tourists and transport Australians engaged in overseas business. The Minister (Mr. Holt) is considering the proposal. Since they resumed the Sydney-Vancouver run after the war the Company is about £60,000 out of pocket on the *Aorangi*. The Australian Government failed to get Canada interested in a scheme to subsidise the vessel and keep her in the service, so from January 29 there will be no further surface mail between Australia and Canada on a regular service. Between the wars the *Aorangi* operated a shuttle service with the *Niagara*, the two vessels calling at Auckland, Suva (Fiji) and Honolulu, en route to Vancouver. The *Niagara* was later sunk in the Pacific with a large quantity of gold in her holds. The *Aorangi* served during the war as an armed merchantman, operating for a time on the Western Ocean. With her dark-green hull and white superstructure, she was a picturesque sight upon the Pacific, and her passing from service will be regretted by many world travellers.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

COCOONING BY ORDER OF THE DIRECTEUR DES BEAUX ARTS: One of the statues in the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris being placed in a special protective cage in order to prevent damage from the mid-winter cold. In past years it has been found that these sculptured figures of gods and goddesses have suffered considerably in periods of frost.

"PROUD PAPPA PINZA" WAS THE AMERICAN CAPTION WHICH ACCOMPANIED THIS PICTURE FROM HOLLYWOOD: The operatic star Ezio Pinza is seen celebrating the birth of a baby daughter to his wife by distributing cigars to his colleagues on the film set where he is working. Only a few months ago Pinza became a grandfather, when his daughter by a former marriage gave birth to a child.

AFTER BEING ENTOMBED IN A MINE FOR OVER FIFTY-FOUR HOURS: John Wolti being brought to the surface at Selleck, Washington, before being conveyed to hospital. He had been buried 400 ft. below the surface in a collapsed mine-shaft, and rescuers did not expect to get him out alive. Wolti was rushed to hospital, where it was found that he had a badly crushed left arm and a broken leg. In 1932 Wolti was one of two survivors in an explosion that resulted in the loss of thirty-two lives.

THE NEW DELAWARE MEMORIAL BRIDGE SPANNING THE DELAWARE RIVER NEAR WILMINGTON : The bridge, which is being erected at a cost of 40,000,000 dollars, will measure slightly more than two miles in length and approximately three-quarters of a mile of the structure will be supported by cables. The twin towers over which the cables run are 417 ft. high. The bridge will be completed next year, and it is expected that it will take 4,000,000 vehicles annually, providing, as it does, a swift route between New York, Philadelphia, Trenton and Delaware Bay.

WORKING ON ONE OF THE GREAT TOWERS OF THE DELAWARE MEMORIAL BRIDGE : Men of the American Bridge Company engaged in spinning wire into suspension cables on the central section of the new bridge. Pencil-thick wires are shown being carried four at a time by a spinning-wheel operating between the twin towers. It was 174 years ago on December 25 that Washington made his famous crossing of the Delaware—in boats.

KING THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN BELGIAN RAILWAY NETWORKS : This new railway station, to be named La Chapelle, is being built in the heart of Brussels and lies along the route of the new six-track route. To make way for the tracks many thousands of houses have been razed over a distance of two miles. This linking of the railway systems was planned 100 years ago, and it has been delayed for many reasons, two of them being the World Wars. The task will be completed by 1952. It will make it possible for imports landed at the northern port of Antwerp to be sent through to the south without the complicated re-routeing that is now necessary. Another beneficial result is the rebuilding in the business quarter of Brussels.

THE PRE-CHRISTMAS AMERICAN RAILROAD STRIKE—A SCENE AT UNION STATION, WASHINGTON, WITH CHRISTMAS MAIL PILED HIGH ON THE PLATFORMS JUST AFTER THE WORKERS HAD JOINED THE RAPIDLY SPREADING "WILDCAT" TRAINMEN'S STRIKE : The walk-out by members of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen began in Chicago on December 13 and quickly spread to other yards in the country. The men were striking in order to support their claim for a forty-hour week with pay allowance for forty-eight hours.

EPHERDS AT THE VATICAN—A HOLY YEAR VISIT TO THE POPE : Some of the 300 Italian shepherds at St. Peter's with their gifts of lambs for the Pope. The shepherds were attending their first national congress. At the Vatican reception the Pope made an unusual break from tradition. After being greeted by the music of the peasants, he paused to listen to the playing before ascending his throne. He then began talking with several of the shepherds who were dressed in goatskins. When the playing was resumed the Pope, it is recorded, began to hum the tune.

BUYING A PRINCELY WEDDING GIFT : Princess Fatima of Iran and her American husband, Mr. Vincent Lee Hillyer, examining necklaces at Bulgari's, the Rome jewellers. They broke their journey in Rome en route to Teheran for the wedding of the Shah to Soraya Esfandaiyari, which was due to take place on December 27. The wedding of Princess Fatima and Mr. Hillyer created trouble in Iranian Court circles earlier in the year, it may be remembered, but later the Shah was prevailed upon to give his blessing to the marriage. Princess Fatima and Mr. Hillyer met during the Shah's American tour, and they met again some months later in Rome.

THE DEATH PLUNGE OF A JET PANTHER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY: The fighter, which had just returned from a combat mission over North Korea, seen banking steeply after failing to land on the deck of its parent craft, the U.S.S. "Leyte." The jet lost power, and with no jet thrust to sustain it, plunged into the sea. The Panther is seen (*below*) with one wing touching the water, and (*inset on left*) almost submerged. The pilot, Ensign Rau, a veteran of twenty-four missions, was able to release his straps and was hauled to safety.

A U.S. Navy Jet Fighter

DIVING INTO THE SEA OF JAPAN

A COMBAT PILOT'S SPECTACULAR PLUNGE TO DISASTER

AIRCRAFT WHICH LEADS THE WORLD—THE DE HAVILLAND COMET WHICH NOW HAS A YEAR-AND-A-HALF OF SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT TRIALS BEHIND IT: This view, taken from another aircraft, shows one of the fourteen Comets which the de Havilland Company has been ordered to build for the British Overseas Airways Corporation. A firm order for Comets has also been placed by Canadian Pacific Airways, and the world's first successful jet transport is the envy of the great airlines. The Comets provide pressurised comfort for between thirty and forty-eight passengers, and it is intended to operate them at 40,000 ft., cruising at about 500 m.p.h. Canadian Pacific Airways will be using forty-eight passenger Comets on their Vancouver-Hong Kong service, and they will cover the 6,800 miles in twenty hours, including three halts of an hour. The more numerous type will be the 36-seater Comets with a 3,000-miles range. In the 36-seater the crew will be reduced to six, four flying personnel, steward and stewardess. A separate flight engineer is unnecessary owing to the greater simplicity of jets.

COMETS TOGETHER—DE HAVILLAND AIR-LINERS FLYING ABOVE THE CLOUDS DURING FLIGHT TESTS OVER ENGLAND: This is the first time such a picture has been taken, the second prototype having now joined the first. Recent performance figures have shown that the Comet, when cruising at 400 m.p.h. at 40,000 ft., may be expected to cost about 20 per cent. less to operate per ton mile than modern air-liners of comparable size in service to-day. At the same time it should be able to accomplish half as much work again as any other air-liner. Since its initial flight in July, 1949, the first prototype has given no trouble, and has put up some fine performances, notably in flying to Tripolitania and back, and to Rome and back. Total flying time for the return trip to Rome was just over four hours.

THE TRIAL OF MOTHER MIRIAM

"THE FEMALE RASPUTIN," THE SENSATIONAL CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE ATHENS TRIAL

THEY NOW FACE CHARGES BROUGHT BY THIRTY PEOPLE WHO WERE ONCE INMATES OF THEIR MONASTERY: Mother Miriam (right) and her second-in-command, Sister Phrossini, in the Athens court where they have been standing trial. Mother Miriam until lately ruled the nunnery of the Healing Holy Virgin at Keratea, where it is said that simple-minded women of wealth have been lured to their destruction after being induced to embrace the religious life and stripped of their fortunes. 500 people are believed to have died after enduring the most appalling privations.

The Public Prosecutor in Athens is engaged at the time of writing in unravelling one of the most amazing cases heard in Europe in modern times. It is the story of monks and nuns of a fanatical religious sect who have turned a religious house of their order into what is said to have been a veritable concentration camp.

Central figure in the trial is Mother Miriam, the Abbess who is accused indirectly of causing in the past twenty years the deaths of 500 nuns after robbing them of their possessions. Mother Miriam, who is on trial with three bishops and five of her head nuns, belongs to the fiercely fanatical cult of the Old Calendarists, who follow a calendar thirteen days behind that currently in use. They have put the clock back much farther than that, it appears; back, in fact, to the days of the Spanish Inquisition.

Mother Miriam is said to have sent nuns and monks through all the towns of Greece seeking rich converts ready to sacrifice the temptations of the flesh for the blessings of eternal life. Once the converts have been brought to the nunnery at Keratea they have been induced to accept long hours of prayer and fasting. In a weakened state they were easily prevailed upon to make over their money to the religious house, and one allegation is that the money went into the private purse of Mother Miriam, whose own life was far from being that of an ascetic. Mother Miriam, her accusers declare, lived a life of luxury. She owned two American cars, and while the majority of her people were living on bread and water in dismal cells, she furnished her own apartment sumptuously and equipped it with a private kitchen. If any converts were reluctant to follow out the dictates of Mother Miriam they were chained in dark cells, suspended by their hands and tortured with fire. One family from Thebes, consisting of a mother and her four daughters, all died within six months of a deed of gift being completed. The Public Prosecutor says that when he visited the nunnery at Keratea he heard a voice calling for help and discovered an aged nun who was being kept prisoner in a small, damp cell. He ordered her to be freed.

Closer inquiries revealed the institution to be a "grave of the living." Nuns and monks were subjected to heavy bodily punishment daily "to win paradise and reject the evil spirit." Most were suffering from tuberculosis, and deaths were frequent. Inmates of this house of horror were quoted as saying that their penalty for complaining of inhuman treatment was to be chained in their cells, beaten and compelled to fast for forty days.

There were even children in this dreadful place. They have now been removed.

CROWDS GATHER OUTSIDE THE ATHENS COURT-ROOM: They had come to hear the trial of Mother Miriam and her associates accused of murdering religious converts for their money.

A CALENDARIST PRIEST PLEADS NOT GUILTY: One of the followers of Mother Miriam seen in the Athens court during the trial.

THE CONVENT AT KERATEA, WHERE THE ATROCITIES ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN COMMITTED BY MOTHER MIRIAM AND HER FOLLOWERS: *Left*—The entrance to the convent. This religious house belongs to the cult of the Old Calendarists, the followers of the Julian Calendar which was abolished in the Greek State in 1923. *Right*—A nun engaged in candle-making at the convent.

TWO CHURCHMEN ON THEIR TRAVELS

AN ARAB ARCHBISHOP PAYS A VISIT TO ENGLAND: The Most Reverend Georges Hakim, Greek Catholic Archbishop of Galilee, talking with members of the Press during a Press Conference which he held shortly after his arrival. The Archbishop, who helped to found the Holy Land Arab Refugee Fund, declares that there are still about 100,000 Arab refugees—orphans, old people or others unable to work—whose needs are not being met fully by the official welfare organisations. In all there are between 700,000 and 800,000 Arab refugees outside Israel, and another 40,000 inside Israel. The Archbishop says there is a great danger of Communism among the refugees who, in the countries outside Israel, are at present suffering from a strong sense of injustice.

THE BISHOP WHOM THE POLES HAVE EXPELLED: Monsignor Adalbert Turoski, seen in this picture at the Catholic Apostolate in Rome, arrived in Warsaw recently to take up his appointment as Auxiliary Bishop of Czestochowas. On arrival he was told by the Polish Government to leave the country immediately, and, as he did not comply with the order, police put him aboard a plane bound for Rome. Monsignor Turoski's investiture was to have been held in Warsaw.

A LAND OF UNSURPASSED MINERAL WEALTH IN THE HEART OF THE AFRICAN CONTINENT: Looking across one of the copper mines of Katanga to rolling scrubland beyond. Within this mineral belt, rivalled only by the Rand and the Urals, 150 deposits of various minerals are known, among them copper, uranium, diamonds, gold, silver, cobalt, and radium. The mineral belt is about 200 miles in length with a width varying between 15 and 60 miles. Adjoining it is the Northern Rhodesian copper belt.

THE KATANGA: BELGIUM'S COLONIAL ELDORADO

An Area of Vast Mineral Wealth in the Belgian Congo, Producing Copper, Uranium, Diamonds, Gold, Silver, Tin, Cobalt and Iron

The nineteenth century was one of colonial territorial expansionism, when the world raced to divide the vast spaces of the African continent. The twentieth century may well be remembered chiefly for the international race for minerals. The century began with the South African War, with the wealth of the Witwatersrand at stake; and now, in mid-century, the hunt is on for uranium, for copper, lead, tin, gold, silver, cobalt—in fact, every metal constituting the sinews of war.

In Africa to-day there are three vitally important mining areas in which the world is interested. The Rand, where uranium production is now being started by four of the leading companies, including the fabulous Blyvoor; the North Rhodesian copper belt, with the famed copper mines of Mufulira and Roan Antelope; and last, but not least, the Haut Katanga, in the Belgian Congo, where uranium, copper, gold, silver, and a host of other minerals are found in a profusion indeed that must be unequalled anywhere else in the world, save possibly on the Rand, and in the Urals, where the Russians are quietly and unceasingly at work.

The wealth of the Katanga was discovered sixty years ago, and it was in 1911 that mining first started near Elizabethville, under the auspices of the Union Minière. Copper production quickly soared. In 1911 it was 997 tons; in 1912 it was 7,408 tons; and by 1924 it was twelve times that figure. Just as earlier in the century, as a magnet attracts steel filings, long lines of railway stretched out to the gold city of Johannesburg, so has Elizabethville, capital of the Katanga, become the centre of a converging network. Even the Cape-to-Cairo system was diverted from its intended route by the new-found wealth in this southern region of Belgium's great African colony.

The dominating concern in the Katanga is the Union Minière, which has mines, smelting plants, and other concerns. It is a sister company of the all-powerful Société Général, the virtual arbiter of commercial life in the Congo. Practically the whole of Katanga is run by the Société Général, which has shares in railways, electricity undertakings, waterworks and transport. Indeed, it is only possible to travel the country with a pass issued by the company.

In the Union Minière there are about 16,000 coloured workers and 2,000 whites. The coloured labour force is lower than it used to be, owing to the beneficial effects of mechanisation.

(*Continued on following page*)

AT WORK IN THE RICH COPPER AND SILVER MINES OF KIPUSHI: Native labourers operating a drill. This mine lies near the border between Northern Rhodesia and the Belgian Congo. Prior to the re-survey of the boundary line in 1927-29 the ownership of the Kipushi mine was in doubt. Eventually the decision went in favour of the Congo.

ONE OF THE PLANTS OF THE UNION MINIÈRE DE HAUT KATANGA: This modern foundry for dealing with copper production is situated near Elizabethville, in the very heart of the great Katanga mining area in the Belgian Congo. The maximum possible output in this copper belt is estimated at 225,000 tons per annum, and it has an important rival just over the border in Northern Rhodesia, where there are big mines at Ndola, Nkana, Nchanga, Luansaya and Mufulira. The Congo mines yield many different minerals, the latest to be exploited being uranium, which is found in considerable quantities in the region of Shinkolobwe, where operations are duly guarded.

THE KATANGA:

BELGIUM'S COLONIAL ELDORADO

(*Continued from previous page*)

The Katanga has been markedly developed since the Second World War, and the coloured workers are well looked after—so well, that a correspondent recently said that they were like "birds in gilded cages." For the whites, there is a living standard far beyond anything to be found in Europe. There are houses specially built for them, and most people have a car. In the equatorial temperature, they live in a truly old-fashioned colonial style. All possible modern methods are used to develop the country. There is a tendency to replace coloured workers by machinery.

The uranium mines are situated at Shinkolobwe, and are surrounded with secrecy. Permits to visit the mines are never given to visitors. Engineers who come from the mines are always polite, but evasive in replies to questions.

The sociological problems in the Katanga are interesting. A number of workers are recruited for the mines from other parts of the Congo, though from certain food-producing areas recruits are not taken. A representative of the Belgian Government accompanies the Company's agent on his recruiting trips, so that all the legal formalities can be observed. The volunteer is transported from his primitive village to the regulated life of the works camp almost overnight.

The workers receive only a part of their wages, the remainder being saved for them. Rations are distributed to the native wives twice a week. They get everything necessary for native cooking in the approved style. Some of the camps have as many as 8,000 inhabitants, and in the camps, needless to say, living is a good deal more comfortable than in the native huts.

In spite of the amenities of modern civilisation, modern clothes, driving a car, there is still something within the native worker that makes him prefer the witch doctor to the European doctor. He has a lower standard of life than the white worker and sees both worlds. Thus the two tendencies develop side by side, and are likely to present certain problems in the future. Perhaps the most serious of these problems is the native workers' susceptibility to Communism.

MECHANISATION IN THE MINES OF THE HAUT KATANGA: This walking drag-line digs the ore-bearing ground and places it in the waiting trucks. The drag-line is operated by native workers who show themselves highly proficient in this type of work. Mechanisation has led to a reduction of the native labour force from 20,000 to 16,000, but production still continues to rise steeply.

...TIVE WORKERS LEAVING ONE OF THE KATANGA MINES AT THE END OF THEIR SHIFT : Towering above them is a great ...ramid of slag taken from the mine in the course of years. The natives are adequately, if not generously, paid.

THE MEN WHO KEEP THE PEACE AMONG THE CONGO MINES : Members of the "Public Force," a smart and well-conducted corps which plays a vital part in the maintenance of order. One of their main tasks is to watch for any signs of Communist agitation, for the unlettered mine-workers are easy to incite, and disorders, once started, are hard to stop.

THE WIVES OF THE NATIVE WORKERS LINE UP FOR RATIONS : They receive their supplies twice a week.

...THE COPPER WORKS AT JADOTVILLE : A coloured worker watches the metal as it pours into the moulds. The plant can treat 4,000 tons of copper ore per day.

COPPER READY FOR EXPORT : The finished product piled up at a railway siding at Jadotville, which is one of the main centres of production in the Belgian Congo.

IN JADOTVILLE WORKERS' COMPOUND : Children at play outside the little brick-built houses. The houses are strongly built and are sensibly equipped.

...SIDE THE WORKERS' COMPOUND AT JADOTVILLE : Each family lives in a small chalet. This system has not proved altogether successful in practice, as the coloured women do not prove good home-makers in accordance with Western standards. In the jungle they are used to long hours of hard work, while the men do little. At Jadotville the husbands go off to work at regular hours, and the wives are left at home. They find tables and chairs a bit of a nuisance, and to a large extent miss the life of the kraal. In spite of the amenities of modern civilisation there is still something within the native worker which makes him prefer the witch doctor.

PRESERVING ANCIENT ROCHESTER

The Ministry of Town and Country Planning Lists Nearly 200 Buildings in the Medway City

THE CITY OF ROCHESTER SEEN FROM THE AIR: The Norman Keep (left centre) and the Cathedral (right centre) seen beside the waters of the Medway. They are among nearly 200 buildings in Rochester which have lately been listed by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning as of special architectural or historic interest. Because the buildings are thus listed it is assured that no alterations or additions can be made without due authority.

THE SIX POOR TRAVELLERS HOUSE AT ROCHESTER: This is the celebrated Watts Charity which was founded in the sixteenth century under the will of a Rochester merchant, Richard Watts, and made famous by Dickens in one of his short stories. In 1947 it was made known that the property had been closed and had been placed in the hands of the Charity Commissioners. In a letter to THE SPHERE in that year, Mr. Leslie Staples, Editor of *The Dickensian*, made a powerful plea for the preservation of the Watts Charity. At the same time he deplored the condition of the place, stating that it leaked in every tile. Its closing, he declared, "is nothing short of a public scandal." Now comes the news that the house has been made the subject of a preservation order by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning.

WHERE KING JAMES II RESTED ON THE NIGHT OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND IN DECEMBER 1688: This house in Rochester's High Street (also among the buildings listed for preservation by the Ministry) was the home of Sir Richard Head, and there he received the luckless King in the hour of his defeat. The building is now a bank.

THE NORMAN KEEP HAS WALLS 12 FT. THICK: Rochester's Castle, standing on an eminence above the Medway, was built in 1126-1139, mainly by William of Corbeil, Archbishop of Canterbury, on the site of a tower erected by Gundulf. The great square keep is 120 ft. high.

ON THE SITE WHERE ST. AUGUSTINE FOUNDED A MISSIONARY CHURCH: The Cathedral Church of Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary at Rochester. This cathedral in part dates from the time of Gundulf, the Second Norman Bishop, who was architect of the White Tower in London, and in part from the time of Prior William de Hoo, who carried out rebuilding after the destruction by fire of a large portion of Gundulf's original cathedral. In plan Rochester Cathedral resembles Canterbury Cathedral.

Rochester is a cathedral city rich in history, rich, too, in literary associations, and it is good to know that forces are now at work securing the preservation of its heritage. The Rochester Dickens Fellowship has been particularly active during the post-war years, as recorded from time to time in the pages of THE SPHERE, and now the Ministry of Town and Country Planning has produced one of its admirable lists, directing what may not be touched without special authority. Needless to say, the list includes the cathedral and the castle, those two great landmarks beside the Medway, while among Dickensian buildings the celebrated Watts Charity is included. The Charity was founded by Richard Watts in 1579 to house "Six poor travellers, who not being rogues or proctors, may receive gratis for one night lodging, entertainment and fourpence each." The Charity functioned in that way until Rochester became a prohibited area in the Second World War. Another listed building (now Lloyds Bank), is that in which James II spent his last night in England on forsaking his throne and fleeing to France.

WHEN THE MORAY EEL MEETS THE SQUID

And Other Natural History News Recorded by the Camera

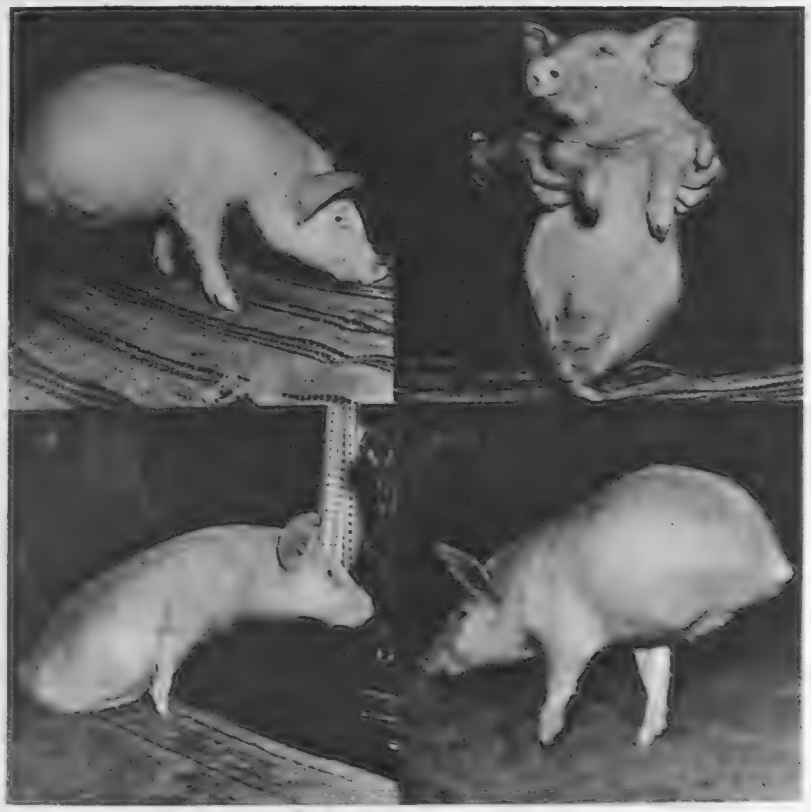
AN ANGRY EYE AND GAPING JAWS: The quick and speedy may live a little longer at Marine Studios, Marineland, Florida, home of the world's only oceanarium where specimens live much as they do in the open sea. Here a hungry Moray eel is preparing to make lunch of an unsuspecting squid. What happened after that is recorded in the pictures which are reproduced *below on left*.

SQUID PRO QUO! The cameraman has a perfect picture, and the Moray eel has a juicy squid within grasp. The squid, however, perceived the danger just in time.

THE SQUID LIVES TO FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE ANOTHER DAY: The final moment in this camera sequence from Marineland, Florida, shows the squid shooting away from almost certain disaster. The eel's jaws have snapped, and retained exactly nothing.

A NEWCOMER TO LONDON ZOO: The Bosman's Potto is a strange recruit to Regent's Park from the British Cameroons.

On left—The Bosman's Potto is a relative of the lemur family, and a very intriguing individual indeed. This tiny animal, found in the forest country at Kumba, never grows to be much more than 12 ins. in length. This specimen, found by Mr. J. T. S. Hummel, was sent to England by air and Mrs. Hummel then offered it to the London Zoo.



A CURIOSITY OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM WHICH IS NOT TO BE SUBMITTED TO A LIFE IN THE CIRCUS: This pig, from a Jutland farm, was born with only two legs. However, it is quite capable of moving around at speed, running along the ground like a bird, with the hind portion of its body tilted in the air to give it balance. It was thought probable that the pig would be sold to a circus, but the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals intervened, and bought the pig outright in order to spare it from a rambling life and varying degrees of treatment at the hands of its masters. After a full examination by the Royal Veterinarian and Farming College in Copenhagen it was decided that the pig should be destroyed.

TO MILLIONS OF AMERICAN BOYS AND GIRLS FROM SEVEN TO SEVENTY HE IS KNOWN AS "OLD SAD FACE": This is the celebrated Emmett Kelly, who has been with the Ringling Circus for sixteen years. He is probably the most highly-paid clown in the world, since Grock in his hey-day.

"OLD SAD FACE" AS HE APPEARS OUTSIDE THE SAWDUST RING, AN INVARIABLY SMILING "HAPPY-GO-LUCKY FIGURE": Contrast this picture of Emmett Kelly with that reproduced on the left. Kelly was at one time a cartoonist, doing comic strips for newspapers in Kansas City. It was during that period that he evolved a character called "Worry Willy," who became so popular with Kansas readers that Emmett decided to turn himself into the character he had created and to launch out in the world of the variety stage and the sawdust ring.

LOU JACOBS, THE TALLEST OF THE RINGLING CLOWNS: Jacobs, born in Hamburg forty-five years ago, started in show business as a contortionist at the age of fifteen. It was as a contortionist that he went to the United States in 1923, and two years later Ringling, seeing his immense possibilities in comedy roles, engaged him as a clown. In the picture on the right he is seen crowned in the minute trilby hat which he invariably wears. If anything, Lou has an even redder nose, an even more widely gaping mouth than that affected by Felix Adler.

A LAUGHING MOUTH AND WEEPING EYES: Felix Adler, a close competitor of Emmett Kelly's for the title of King of the American clowns. Adler has been with Ringling's since 1910, and is a great popular favourite.

THE CLOWN WHO LOOKS LIKE A WALL STREET BUSINESS MAN: Felix Adler, who is shown in the picture on the left in his clowning gear, looks anything but a funny man when he is in civilian dress. When Adler joined the Ringling Circus as a young man he proved his worth at the task of looking after bears. After studying clowns for several years he decided to throw in his lot with them and quickly acquired great popularity. His clown make-up is of the traditional, grotesque type, with a great shiny red nose above the gaping mouth.

ONE OF THE YOUNGER SCHOOL OF AMERICAN CLOWNS: Ernie Burch, aged twenty-five, the son of English parents, is well known already in American variety and in the sawdust ring. His caricatures of famous stars of stage and screen, notably Mae West and Carmen Miranda, are first-rate. Elaborate costumes and make-up of his own brand contribute to his popular act.

CLOWNS ON AND OFF DUTY

SOME DOMINATING PERSONALITIES IN THE AMERICAN CIRCUS

How old is the institution of circus clowns? Roman and Greek history recall clowns in the arena, and it is likely that this ancient tradition has not changed a great deal in the intervening centuries.

Neither the industrial revolution nor the atomic age have made any difference to the immortal, eternal clown. His make-up remains the same—the large, red laughing mouth, the thick black eyebrows and the eyes that either smile or weep. There are, of course, differences of detail; there are clowns who specialise: sad clowns, gay clowns, clowns who burlesque women. Something about their manner, however, is always in keeping with the convention and tradition of circus clowning.

All clowns are dumb; their art consists entirely of miming, and to carry out this effectively they have to be good actors. The make-up, the costume, the gesture and the grimace are their main tools, and with these they make children of all ages laugh in a way that is never quite emulated in other realms of entertainment.

America's famous Ringling Circus employs 100 clowns. Among them the eight shown in this series of photographs may justly claim to be among the world's most famous. Our pictures show the contrast between the clown on duty and off. "Sad Face" Emmett Kelly turns out to be a charming, smiling, *bon vivcur*; others look more like Wall Street operators, small-town dignitaries, executive officers, than the men who tumble about in the sawdust arena of one of the world's largest circuses.

AMERICA'S ONLY WOMAN CLOWN: Rose Hanlon, whose make-up is identical with that of her male colleagues. When she is in action in the arena it is quite impossible to differentiate her from the conventional male species of clown.

I JACOBS SPECIALISES IN THE COMIC ENTRANCE: One of his many acts is to come shooting into the ring in a minute motor-car; indeed, he uses this form of entrance rather in the same manner as a band leader uses a signature tune.

JOHNNY TRIPP, MIMES HIS OWN BUSINESS! This clown's speciality is miming, and he is often to be seen impersonating the part of a woman of formidable proportions. He has been a popular favourite for many years.

THE DOYEN OF CIRCUS CLOWNS: Johnny Tripp, who is in his seventies, has been with the Ringling Circus for fifty-one years, and it is his proud boast that he has never missed a performance. Tripp is particularly proud of the fact that he was taught by the celebrated Jules Turnour, the great French clown of the closing years of the nineteenth century. Johnny had the good fortune to travel with a circus in which Turnour was the star. He was a lad of ten years when his career as a clown began.

E BURCH DRESSED FOR THE SAWDUST RING: Clown and master of burlesque he specialises in caricatures, all of which bear the stamp of his own very individual genius.

THE MAN WITH ONLY ONE MAKE-UP: This is Paul Jerome, who always dresses as a vagabond. In moments of elation his nose lights up.

FIFTY-NINE-YEAR OLD PAUL JEROME: In private life he looks ostentatiously prosperous. On the stage and in the sawdust ring he is the most versatile of clowns. He has invented a nose with a little red lamp beneath it, and in moments of elation this lights up. He also has an electrical heart which also manifests itself at appropriate times, a warm glow spreading over the front of his costume. Paul, who was taken on by Charles Ringling in 1912, has always worn his vagabond costume. At one time it was black and white only, but in recent years he added colours.

On left — **ENGLISH-BORN ROSE HANLON**: Rose has been in show business for thirty-five years, and during that time has appeared in vaudeville, musical comedy and the circus. At one time she danced the can-can with great vigour in the music-halls. About five years ago she decided to be a woman clown, and this big change in her career brought her immediate success.

On right—Buzzy Potts, alias Herbert Rhamys, is the son of circus folk. His parents were acrobats on horseback. They died when he was very young, and as no one could be found to look after him he was put in an orphanage. He escaped at the age of thirteen and joined up with his young sister, who worked in a circus, too. In order to hide the boy from the authorities, who had been notified of his escape, his devoted sister dressed him as a clown and baptised him Buzzy Potts.

BUZZY POTTS IS HIS NAME: *Above and on right*—Potts, whose real name is Herbert Rhamys, designs his own costumes and writes his own script for his miming.

Home News in Pictures

THE VICAR WHO SCALED HIS SPIRE

Seretse, Ruth and Jacqueline at a Christmas Party;
Bartholomew Fair at the Old Vic;
An American Launching in Durham

TO ADORN THE NEW COLONIAL OFFICE: The Ministry of Works has bought this massive carving by Ronald Moody, and it will in due time, when the building is finished, be placed in the Colonial Office Library in Westminster.

On left — Ronald Moody's sculpture is a standing male figure in palisandre wood. It was carved by Moody at his Paris studio just before the German invasion in 1941. It was hidden and never brought to light by the occupying forces. Ronald Moody, a Jamaican, is a brother of Dr. Moody of the League of Coloured Peoples.

SERETSE AND FAMILY AT A LONDON PARTY: The exiled Chief of the Bamangwato, who now lives in a flat in West Chelsea, seen with his wife Ruth and their dusky daughter Jacqueline at the third annual Christmas party at the Y.W.C.A. headquarters in London. The party was attended by 350 children, 270 of whom were coloured. Twenty-five of the children were the sons and daughters of displaced persons in a German refugee camp.

A VICAR CLIMBS THE CHURCH SPIRE: The Rev. William Ryder Jones, of St. Luke's, Torquay, seen as he mounted the ladder to the top of his new spire, where he conducted a dedication service.

THE LAUNCH OF THE FIRST LARGE AMERICAN TANKER TO BE BUILT IN BRITAIN—THE MOTOR VESSEL "MAGWA" LEAVES THE SLIPWAY AT BILLINGHAM, DURHAM: The vessel is being built at Haverton Hill Shipyard by the Furness Shipbuilding Co. for the Afran Transport Company of Liberia, a subsidiary of the Gulf Oil Corporation. The launching ceremony was performed by Mrs. M. B. Southwell, wife of the President of the Institute of Petroleum. The *Magwa* has an overall length of 589 ft., a breadth of over 42 ft., and has a deadweight of about 24,625 tons. She has a designed speed of 14 knots. Electric welding has been used extensively.

THE CROWD GATHERED BELOW HEARD THEIR VICAR DEDICATE THE RESTORED SPIRE OF ST. LUKE'S, TORQUAY: This was the scene at the dedication service after the Rev. William Ryder Jones had made his 130-ft. ascent in 11 minutes. For the climb up eight ladders lashed to the scaffolding the Vicar was roped, in mountaineering style, between workmen who had repaired the bomb-damaged spire. Later, in his crowded church, Mr. Ryder Jones said: "I have been molested on every side by people who have asked me why I wanted to climb the spire. Many armchair critics attacked me. Now I shall answer them. It was not a stunt. I do not believe any priest or minister worthy of the name would lower himself to use stunts in order to draw people and to teach Christianity. I hope that those who have taken part will always be reminded of my climb, and draw inspiration to climb to vantage points themselves—to look beyond their immediate environments and the hardships they face to-day."

BEN JONSON'S COMEDY "BARTHOLOMEW FAIR" IS PRESENTED IN LONDON BY THE OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY FOLLOWING THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL PRODUCTION: This is one of the fair booths devised by George Devine for his production, which was presented in London just before the Christmas holidays. *Bartholomew Fair*, a satire on Puritanism, has been shunned by producers for the past two centuries. In the reign of Charles I it was also hardly ever performed, for it aroused the hostility of at least half the audience when King and Parliament were at variance. At the Restoration it was revived with enthusiasm. Pepys, who saw *Bartholomew Fair* in 1661, declared that it had not been acted for forty years. The present cast is a notably fine one. Roger Livesey plays the part of the liberally-minded Justice, and Robert Eddison is the spendthrift youth whose ingenuousness takes even the cutpurses aback. The fair is the centrepiece, for there is no real story, and it is on the fair itself that Jonson relies to bind together his vision of a vulgar, roaring world composed entirely of rogues and fools.

RE THE FUN OF THE FAIR: Alec Clunes as Humphrey Waspe, Ursula Jeans as Dame Overdo, and Robert Eddison as Bartholomew Cokes in Act I of *Bartholomew Fair*.

LAGE MUSEUM IN A SORRY STATE—THE 500-YEAR-OLD OTTAGE AT CHEAM, SURREY: Local residents have lately come alarmed about the neglect of their local museum hich is housed in this 500-year-old cottage. The house inds near the village crossroads. A report has stated at the house is fast falling into disrepair, and that few eople have a chance of seeing in a proper manner the riceless relics which stand on the dusty shelves inside.

THE QUEST OF NICHOLAS EGON: This twenty-nine-year-old St. John's Wood artist is making a composite picture of the "perfect woman," and is going about his task systematically by seeking out as models those whom he regards as having certain perfections of feature. When this picture was taken at Mr. Egon's studio his model was Lady Lyell of Kirriemuir. Among beauties he has drawn are Queen Frederika of Greece, whom he describes as a hypnotic beauty, Mrs. Christopher Soames ("a sensitive beauty"), Margaret Leighton ("an unusual beauty"), and Yolande Donlan ("an American beauty").

A KENTISH VILLAGE UNDER THE HAMMER

The Marquis Conyngham Sells the Thatched Cottages of Lovely Patrixbourne

The Marquis Conyngham, who lives at Slane Castle, Co. Meath, is the latest landlord to sell a whole village. His forty-roomed mansion built at Patrixbourne, Kent, in the reign of Charles II, has been pulled down, as after the war no purchaser could be found for the place and the local council was unable to take it over as a hostel. The twenty-eight thatched cottages of Patrixbourne have been sold, the buyers being a Canterbury auctioneer and a solicitor, who is East Kent coroner. The Marquis Conyngham found it quite impossible to carry on the village, as rents for the old cottages are so low, averaging 5s. per week. Some were as low as 3s. 9d. Nearly all the 118 villagers once worked at the mansion, known as Bifrons. During the war they saw the house occupied by troops.

Patrixbourne, with no shops, no public-house, no street lights and one pillar-box, remains hopelessly behind the times, and it keeps its picturesque charm. The old feudal way of life has gone for ever, though, leaving great gaps in the lives of some of the older village folk.

THE ONLY PART OF PATRIXBOURNE WHICH DID NOT GO UNDER THE HAMMER: The twelfth-century Church of St. Mary, centrepiece of this attractive Kentish village, which has just been sold by the Marquis Conyngham because the low rents, still the same as pre-war, did not meet the costs of upkeep. Twenty-six of Patrixbourne's twenty-eight thatched cottages were sold for £3,000 to two purchasers.

A HALF-TIMBERED COTTAGE IN THE VILLAGE OF PATRIXBOURNE: One of the many charming houses in this village near Canterbury. Patrixbourne has no shops and also no public-houses.

THE HOUSE AT THE BEND OF THE ROAD: Nineteen of the Patrixbourne cottages have been bought by a Canterbury auctioneer. Seven of them have been bought by a Canterbury solicitor.

***On right*—QUAINT CHIMNEYS OF OLD PATRIXBOURNE: Another most unusual cottage in the Kentish village.**

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ELIZABETH, COLONEL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS, WATCHES THE MARCH-PAST OF THE 1ST BATTALION AT TRIPOLI, TO WHICH SHE PAID A FLYING VISIT FROM MALTA IN COMPANY WITH HER SISTER: The Princesses flew to Tripoli, on a day visit, in a Viking of the King's Flight. Princess Margaret is seen in the background beside the dais, and Brigadier W. L. Steele, Commander of the 1st Guards Brigade, is seen in the foreground. The Princesses arrived back at Malta an hour late and, after dinner at the Phœnicia, attended a dance aboard the frigate *Surprise*.

THE PRINCESSES
IN MALTA AND TRIPOLI
A DANCE AT VALETTA AND AN INSPECTION IN NORTH AFRICA

A NAVAL AND SOCIAL OCCASION IN MALTA: Princess Elizabeth dancing a samba with Prince Philip at the dance given by the Second Frigate Flotilla, of the Mediterranean Fleet at the Sliema Union Club. Princess Elizabeth arranged to spend Christmas at Malta with Prince Philip, although it was announced before she left England that she would join the King and Queen for a family Christmas at Sandringham.

PRINCESS MARGARET ON THE PARADE-GROUND AT TRIPOLI: The Princess talking with Lieut.-Colonel E. J. B. Nelson, Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, the Grenadier Guards, the regiment in which her sister holds the rank of Colonel. During the flight from Malta to Tripoli in a Viking of the King's Flight the Princesses were escorted by a squadron of Vampire fighters.

HITLER'S PERSONAL PAPERS SEIZED IN MUNICH

THE PERSONAL DOCUMENTS OF THE LATE ADOLF HITLER, CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN REICH: This suitcase-full of private papers, believed to have been dug up by a Russian officer outside the Berlin bunker where Hitler died, was seized by the police in Munich just as they were about to be sold into private ownership for a high price. The buyer is said to have offered 200,000 dollars for the papers. Their genuineness is not in doubt.

Some enterprising Russian, digging in the vicinity of the bunker where Hitler and Eva Braun met their end, found a suitcase full of relics of the Führer. It is believed that he made his discovery in 1945. Now, five years later, having been seized by the Munich police just as they were about to be sold privately, the relics have been deposited in the Bavarian State Bank pending their disposal on behalf of the *Land* fund for the victims of Nazi aggression. Most of the objects relate to Hitler's identity. They include Hitler's seal of appointment as Reich Chancellor, his pay-book in the First World War with several subsequent entries, a certificate of residence, six gold badges which he wore, and several autographed copies of *Mein Kampf*.

Hitler's pre-occupation with legality, his desire to prove himself correct in the eyes of the law, is perhaps reflected in these documents. He always wanted correctitude in matters of documentation, whether it related to the denunciation of a treaty or to his own personal status. When naturalisation was refused him during the election battles in Germany in the early '30's, he secured it by taking a minor "token" Civil Service post in the Nazi-controlled province of Thuringia. It was by such expedients that he found self-justification. Apparently he even went to the trouble of seeing that when he went to his grave even his documents went with him.

THE PATH TO GLORY: Among the documents found amid Hitler's personal papers were (top left) his Nazi Party membership card and (top centre) the document signed by President Hindenburg. Autographed copies of *Mein Kampf* and some swastika badges are also included in the collection.

FIRE BREAKS OUT IN A WEST BERLIN REFORMATORY: *Left*—Youths helping to carry out stores and other articles rescued from the blaze, which is believed to have been the result of arson. *Right*—Boys of the youth prison manning the hoses on the roof of their burning quarters. German and U.S. fire brigades were called, to bring the fire under control.

VOTING FOR A KOREAN CEASE-FIRE

WEARY STATESMEN APPEAR TO BE ON THE VERGE OF SLEEP AS THE VERBAL BATTLE GOES ON: Representatives of Korea, Pakistan and Afghanista listen, in varying attitudes of awareness, to the trend of arguments i the General Assembly of the United Nations at Lake Success. Thirtee of the Asian and Arab States were calling for a cease-fire in Korea and the creatio of a commission to seek a negotiated settlement of all existing issues in the Far Eas In spite of Russian opposition, mediators were appointed, the U.N. Politic Committee having accepted by 51 votes to 5 the Asian-Arab proposal. Secon from left in this picture is Ben C. Limb, Korean delegate to the United Nation

THE POLITICAL COMMITTEE IN SESSION AT LAKE SUCCESS: Mr. Warren Auste of the United States, Mr. Kenneth Younger, of Great Britain, ar Mr. J. R. Jordan, of South Africa, vote for the thirteen-nation propos for a cease-fire in Korea. Sitting stolidly in their midst is Jacob Mali of Russia, one of the five who voted against. In one of his usu fighting speeches, Mr. Malik denounced the cease-fire proposal as "hypocritical Anglo-American effort to gain time, re-group Gener MacArthur's badly-mauled troops and continue their Korean intervention

WHISPERS AND ASIDES WITHIN THE UNITED NATIONS PRECINCTS AT LAI SUCCESS: U.S. delegate Warren Austen has a whispered word with woman secretary, while Ernest Gross, also of the U.S., talks to Kenne Younger, of the United Kingdom. The Soviet decision to vote again the resolution of the thirteen Asian and Arab States, calling for cease-fire, did not prevent that resolution from being passed, since t matter was dealt with by the Political Committee, which knows no vet

HEAD IN HAND, AND THE POINTING FINGER: U.K. representative Kenne Younger and Soviet representative Andrei Vishinsky seated side by si at a meeting of the Political Committee of the United Nations. Younger wearily cushioned his head in his hand as the Soviet Minis launched one of his usual denunciations. While Mr. Younger w representing his country at Lake Success, his wife was busily engag at home in fighting Brompton Ward in a South Kensington by-electi

)VIDING A POWER-HUNGRY BRITAIN

DON "B" WILL SOON BE ADDING ITS QUOTA TO THE NATIONAL GRID : This £15,000,000 power station is now almost ready for action. Its initial four turbo-alternators, each of 50,000 k.W. capacity, will generate at 11,000 volts, stepping up by unit transformers to 33,000 and 132,000 volts. The eight boilers will consume 1,000 tons of coal daily, and special sidings have been built to deal with the incoming mineral trains. Precautions are being taken to minimise the spread of grit over the neighbourhood. Towering above the plant are two chimneys, each 300 ft. in height.

EW C KE-OVEN PLANT AT THE EAST GREENWICH WORKS OF THE SOUTH-EASTERN GAS OARD, WHERE 1,000 TONS OF COAL PER DAY CAN NOW BE CARBONISED : The new lant, uilt at a cost of £2,800,000, has just been opened by the Duke of Gloucester. t can roduce daily 13,500,000 cub. ft. of gas—enough to cook about 400,000 Sunday nners —700 tons of coke, with 25,000 lb. of ammonia, 10,000 lb. of sulphur, 000 allons of benzole, and 10,000 gallons of tar. The area south of the Thames hich serves, includes Greenwich, Woolwich, Lewisham, Bermondsey, and Deptford.

SE OF THE NEW BANKSIDE POWER STATION : Here the power station is seen in nelation to St. Paul's, which lies directly opposite, on the left bank of the Thames. sihen Bankside Power Station extension was first proposed there was the most violent Apposition, both from the Dean of St. Paul's, who claimed that the new building isould dwarf the Cathedral, and from the leaders of the London County Council, who vw in it a deviation from their plans for South London development. The new agnkside station, however, appears to be fitting unobtrusively into the landscape, tied might even be deemed an architectural adornment to the South London scene.

ENGLAND'S WHITE CHRISTMAS-TIDE

CAROL SINGERS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE : A hundred members of a mixed choir gathered in the snow at the foot of the Nelson Monument to sing carols to the accompaniment of two accordions. They were engaged in raising much-needed money for the Family Welfare Association for the Paralysed.

A WHITE WEDDING IN THE SOUTH : The Hon. Ronald Nall-Cain and his bride (Elizabeth Stannard) leaving St. Mary's, Eversley, Hants., after their wedding. Apart from the path which had been swept for the bride and bridegroom, the churchyard was blanketed in snow. The bridesmaids wore fur capes.

TRUMPETERS OF THE ROYAL LIFE GUARDS WALK IN PROCESSION TO THEIR ANNUAL CAROL SERVICE : They were on their way to the temporary Guards Chapel, booted and spurred and in all the glory of their full-dress uniforms.

A CHRISTMAS-CARD SCENE IN THE SUSSEX VILLAGE OF BRAMBER : Here, by the south coast, the snow lay deep and crisp and even, in marked contrast with the mud and slush which it soon became in the streets of London, doing nothing to beautify the scene and much to add to the tribulations of Christmas shoppers. The snow was deepest in the Yorkshire wolds, where several villages were isolated for four days and only made contact with the outside world when bulldozers and snow-ploughs cut single-track roads.

PERHAPS THE MOST ASTONISHING ATLANTIC VOYAGE OF MODERN TIMES: In this amphibious jeep, appropriately named *Half-Safe*, an Australian engineer, Major Ben Carlin, and his American-born wife have reached Funchal, Madeira, after a transatlantic voyage that began at Halifax, Nova Scotia, last July. The 24-ft. jeep has a small sail, a primitive deck covering and extra petrol tanks.

OCEAN HAZARDS

One Couple Cross the Atlantic in an Amphibious Jeep: Another Couple Cross the Pacific in a 40-ft. Yacht

Lone voyaging on the oceans of the world is no new phenomenon, but it is something of a post-war craze and there have been some remarkable achievements. The recent voyage of Major Ben Carlin and his wife in their amphibious jeep is surely one of the most courageous (and/or foolhardy) of efforts, and no one will be surprised to learn that on their first attempt they had to be rescued by a tanker. Major Carlin, who was formerly in the Indian Army, is an Australian engineer. He comes from Perth. Mrs. Carlin comes from Boston. When they were about 200 miles off Madeira they sent out distress signals in the midst of a storm, but later continued on their way without assistance. More conventional, but hardly less exciting, was the voyage of the Tanners from Honolulu to Sydney. Once they were past Fiji troubles began to beset them, and these continued indeed right to the end of the voyage, when they had to be taken in tow outside Sydney Heads

SAFE AND SOUND AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA: Major Ben Carlin and Mrs. Carlin ready to come ashore after bringing their amphibious jeep across the Atlantic. This was their third attempt to cross, and represents the first leg of what it is hoped will be a world voyage.

THE 40-FT. AMERICAN YACHT "BACHELOR'S WIFE" ARRIVES IN SYDNEY HARBOUR AFTER A PERILOUS CROSSING OF THE PACIFIC: Mr. Byron Tanner, of Honolulu, and Mrs. Tanner comprised the total crew, and as far as Fiji all went well. On the final lap from Suva to Sydney Heads, however, they were beset with troubles, and this part of the voyage took four weeks. Soon after leaving Suva the steering-wheel broke, and the Tanners had to resort to a makeshift tiller, a contrivance that brought them endless trouble. A day out of Sydney the chart of the harbour approaches blew overboard, and two miles from Sydney Heads, when power was needed to enter port, the engine broke down. The pilot steamer *Captain Cook* came to the rescue and the *Bachelor's Wife* was towed into Sydney.

SAFE AND SOUND IN THE CALM WATERS OF SYDNEY HARBOUR: Mr. and Mrs. Byron Tanner on board the *Bachelor's Wife* at the end of their voyage from Honolulu.

A STOUT HILL FOX MEETS HIS END IN THE NEWLANDS VALLEY: The Blencathra Pack (and the terriers) returning to kennels after digging-out operations which followed a winter run. In the background are the snow-capped Cumberland hills, which the great John Peel, who hunted this country, knew and loved so well.

OUT WITH JOHN PEEL'S PACK

The Blencathra, which has its kennels at Gate Gyll, Threlkeld, is often called John Peel's pack. The hounds meet three days a week, and operate over very high hill country in the Lake District. All hunting is on foot. Last year the Blencathra had a wonderful season, with a record number of subscribers and followers. John Peel, who indulged his passion for fox-hunting for fifty-five years, was born and died at Caldbeck.

A CHURCHILL UNVEILING—THE DINNER AT THE JUNIOR CARLTON CLUB AT WHICH FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALANBROOKE, DREW ASIDE THE CURTAINS IN FRONT OF EGERTON COOPER'S PORTRAIT OF BRITAIN'S WARTIME LEADER: In unveiling the portrait Lord Alanbrooke paid a glowing tribute to Churchill with whom he worked in the closest harmony for five years. He concluded by saying: "As I look back on those five memorable years, I carry away in my memory deeply engraved impressions of unbounded genius, unrelenting energy, dogged determination, a refusal to accept defeat in any shape or form." Sitting at the table were (clockwise from end of table): Brigadier W. F. Jeffries, Brigadier H. G. Smith, Sir Harold Hood, Bt., A. Egerton Cooper, T. A. Ansdell, J. H. Horry, John Busby, R. W. A. Fane, W. F. Deedes, M.P., F. J. Barclay, A. J. Croft, D. M Erskine, Major Randolph Churchill, J. H. Hortin, Councillor W. E. Rice, W. A. Lee, Lieut.-Colonel H. Gifford Mead, Lord Sandford, Sir Ernest Cooper, Field Marshal the Viscount Alanbrooke of Brookeborough, the Marquess of Exeter, Lord Portal of Hungerford, Sir Samuel Beale, Admiral of the Fleet the Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope, Sir Graham Cunningham, General Lord Ismay, R. E. Trevithick, the Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, M.P., Sir William Paterson, Lieut.-General Sir W. G. Lindsell, Lieut.-Colonel E. O. Sewell, O. S. Chesterton, Norman Pearson, Major Mead, F. H. Bisgood, R. B. Tippetts, R. E. H. Hadingham, W. N. Sagar-Musgrave, Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Russell and Colonel J. H. Gault.

THE UNVEILING AT THE JUNIOR CARLTON CLUB: Lord Alanbrooke, who is seen standing (on right) near the portrait of Mr. Churchill, draws aside the curtains. It was after this that the former Chief of the Imperial General Staff made the speech in which he gave an intimate portrait of his old chief

BRAGOT, AND ALE GARLANDS AT THE FESTIVAL INN

Candle-making in Glasgow: Music by Typewriter

AN ALE-WIFE DRESSED IN TRADITIONAL COSTUME SERVES A GLASS OF BRAGOT, AN ANCIENT DRINK SIMILAR TO PUNCH: This was one of the ceremonies held to mark the completion of the first chimney of the Festival Inn, Poplar, which will form part of the Festival of Britain Live Architecture Exhibition to be held in London's East End. The Festival Inn replaces the Grundy Arms, which was destroyed by bombs in the war and stands in the model town known as the Lansbury Scheme.

HOISTING THE ALE GARLAND AT THE FESTIVAL INN, POPLAR, IN TOKEN OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON: While the garland was being hoisted, the Ale-Wives, who later served the chimney beer to mark the completion of the inn's first chimney, stood by and applauded. The ale garland is probably derived from the ivy bush, the Vintners' sign in use in Roman-occupied Britain nearly 2,000 years ago. In its simplest form it was a bunch of evergreens

GREASED LIGHTING—MAKING CANDLES IN A GLASGOW FACTORY: An employee at this Scottish candle-making factory pours melted wax into the moulds. Above are newly-moulded candles, almost ready to bring (among many other necessary duties) light into the darkened homes of power-cut sufferers. With each new cold spell of the winter bringing the inevitable electrical power cut, the humble candle has assumed a vital role in the life of many an average Briton. These two pictures illustrate two stages in the manufacture of the old-fashioned, but now much in demand, household necessity. The Board of Trade, too, has been keeping a close watch on the candle, for on December 7 an order came into force increasing the maximum prices of common paraffin-wax candles by 2d. a pound. This increase was made necessary in order to correspond with the rising cost of wax.

Operations on the Lansbury Scheme (Neighbourhood unit No. 9) took on a convivial note in the week before Christmas, when flags were flown from the Festival Inn, the health of the builders and the owners was drunk in chimney beer, the ale garland was hoisted, and a large company of guests was regaled with ale possets. The beer had previously arrived by four-horse dray with a drayman dressed in traditional brewers' dress.

The Festival Inn is an example of modern planning on traditional lines and, together with other parts of No. 9 Neighbourhood unit, Poplar, will be open to visitors in Festival Year, so that they can see what Britain is doing in the realm of domestic architecture. The Festival Inn will have a large public bar with a recess for dart-playing. The walls are panelled to dado height with oak panelling. The fireplace will be of brick and stone, with a large mural above it depicting a scene from the nearby docks. There will be two saloon bars linked by an opening next to the fireplaces, and both bars will be decorated on lines similar to those of the public bars, except that the wall panelling will be taken up to the frieze height and finished with a plate-rail.

APPROACHING THE LAST STAGE IN THE MAKING OF CANDLES AT A SCOTTISH FACTORY: Mr. Edward Edmond is here seen facing the tips of candles before cleaning them.

THIS TYPEWRITER TYPES MUSIC!—AN AMERICAN INVENTION WHICH IS TO BE MADE IN BRITAIN AND SOLD IN AMERICA: Mr. Alexander Rose (*on right*), has come to this country to spend 35,000 dollars on metals necessary for the manufacture of his machine, because the recently declared American State of Emergency has caused the stoppage of supplies there. Musical notes only come from the machine, which has a 32-letter keyboard. Mr. Rose says that he chose the typewriter keyboard because even blind folk can play their own tunes by Braille. He also claims to be able to build one of his machines in twenty minutes. The musical typewriter will not be sold in this country as Mr. Rose has so many orders in America. But if he did have a surplus, allowing sales to be made in this country, the cost in Britain would be in the neighbourhood of £7.

KEEPING THE HOUSEWIFE'S HANDS CLEAN—BARRIER CREAM TO KEEP AWAY THE GRIME AND DIRT OF HOUSEHOLD DUTIES: The cream was developed by scientists during the last war. A housewife, it is claimed, with her hands shielded by a barrier cream is able to whip through the dirtiest of the day's tasks, and then wash in soap and water (as illustrated) and watch the grease slide off, leaving her hands clean and supple.

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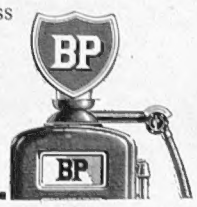

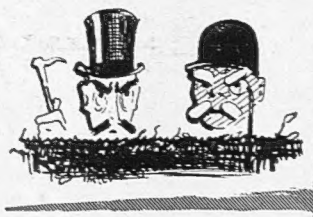

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

IN PRAISE OF THE NEGLECTED SHORT STORY

A. A. Milne's "A Table Near the Band" and Phyllis Bottome's "Fortune's Finger" Both Provide Admirable Reading

THERE is a convention, as established as most but with no more reason than many, that a volume of short stories can never be of the same interest as a novel, and this convention is respected generally, whether the short stories are original and positively dazzling in style, and the novel pedestrian but sustained to at least eight times the length of each story. Mr. A. A. Milne, who knows a thing or two about writing, sizes the situation up with admirable brevity and wit in the dedication of A TABLE NEAR THE BAND (Methuen. 8s. 6d.). Here he apostrophises the reader "who has flipped through the pages in happy anticipation and found that it is a book of short stories: who has said disappointedly: "Oh! short stories," and has put it aside and settled down to one of the other books. . . ." There are thirteen examples of this particular form of Mr. Milne's art in the volume and at least half of them (which I make six-and-a-half) are to be recommended.

Miss Phyllis Bottome's FORTUNE'S FINGER (Faber and Faber. 9s. 6d.) is the title of a book of short stories too, and although of as different a collection as possible from Mr. Milne's, equally to be praised. The difference is, that as with all intellectual manifestations, they are to be commended to different people, and it is more than likely—it is almost certain—that the reader who wallows with pleasurable feelings of sophistication in Mr. Milne's Mayfair stories will be inclined to look sideways at Miss Bottome's more analytical studies, and vice versa. Yet both collections have much to praise in them, and one of Miss Bottome's particularly, *No Name*, is a ghost story as good as some of M. R. James's.

THE WORLD IS A BRIDGE (Collins. 9s. 6d.) is one of those novels of contemporary Indian life written from such intimate and perceptive knowledge that the reader's first reaction must be one of respect. It is more than evident that Miss Christine Weston knows her subject: the Hindu-Muslim conflict and the beginnings of its savage expression in 1947, and it is also evident that she writes about it with a real love for the Indian people and an almost passionate sympathy with their problems. It is only half-way through the book that one realises that this, like patriotism, is not enough, and cannot be counted on to provide a good novel. Nevertheless, the book is worth reading, and its occasional sententiousness is balanced by the beauty of its physical descriptions.

RIDE HOME TO-MORROW (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is a story of the Crusades from Mr. Evan John's typically fresh viewpoint, which sees them from the unfamiliar angle of the pre-Richard Cœur de Lion days, and also as Europe's first attempts at colonisation. The young Norwegian who is Mr. John's hero opens the story in 1163 in his northern home, from which he escapes to England under suspicion of murder, and from that moment the tale is of his almost Odyssean adventures. To write anything as exciting as this proves to be, and also to convey the antique yet living beauty of Greece, Damascus and Jerusalem, is an extraordinary literary feat, and one to be enjoyed.

Miss Jane Oliver's story, MORNING FOR MR. PROTHERO (Hammond. 9s. 6d.), is of a surgeon, eminent in his profession, who is almost as well known as an agnostic and who dies, or crosses the border, in the author's phrasing, to find himself in his old Nannie's Scottish cottage. The "border" device is almost too easy, and acceptable to few readers south of the Tweed, but Miss Oliver writes with conviction and with dignity about the particular brand of spiritual regeneration which her characters attain.

There is less dignity and considerably more excitement about Mr. Dennis Wheatley's adventure story, THE SECOND SEAL (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), a further volume in the exploits of that exotic gentleman, the Duc de Richleau. A ball at the old Dorchester House in April 1914 opens the story, and the Duc more or less opens the ball with a "somewhat Junoesque girl," in a polka. From that moment the action flares up, and there is a rapidly increasing spate of deeds and misdeeds, all in the romantic manner, and all, I should imagine, highly welcome to the many admirers of Mr. Wheatley's lusty style.

Kahlil Gibran's art, his poetry and his philosophy spring from the Lebanon, but his appeal has for years been universal in the truest sense of the word, and

REFURBISHING THE WHITTINGTON STONE: At the foot of Highgate Hill this unassuming stone in the pavement calls to mind both fact and legend circulating round the name of Sir Richard Whittington, fourteenth-century merchant and benefactor of the City of London, who was three times Lord Mayor. The little stone has recently been re-set on a firmer base and the surmounting ironwork renewed by the brewery company which owns the nearby Whittington Stone public-house. Originally marking 4 miles from The Standard, in Cornhill, this spot is the legendary resting-place of Dick Whittington fleeing from the City because of his master's cruelty to the apprentices, of whom Dick was one; and here he is said to have heard in his fatigue the bells of the City's Bow Church calling him to "turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London."

A TEAR AND A SMILE (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is a typical volume of stories, poems and symbolic fragments, illustrated by his own drawings, and showing his gentle and mystical work at its best. The excellent translation from the original Arabic has been made by H. M. Nahmad.

War books come and go, and only the most exceptional can, by the very laws of average, leave their mark on our memories and our minds. I believe Mr. Douglas Grant's THE FUEL OF THE FIRE (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.) to be such a one, in spite of imperfections and frequent over-writing. It is the book of a young man, born in 1921 and invalided out soon after D-Day 1944 with a serious wound, and it is also the book of an intelligent and sensitive person. What Mr. Grant has done is to tell the reader what it feels like to be caught and swirled up into the maelstrom of war, in his case a Royal Marine commando, when one has normal fears and normal courage. What he has, of course, that exceeds the normal is a remarkable perception and an ability to convey his findings in words.

TO THE VICTORS THE SPOILS (Macgibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.) is another war book and, in everything but accomplishment, at the other end of the scale, for this is the chronicle of a soldier's war as spent not in battle, but in billets, and not in heroics or noble despair, but in a crafty and competitive struggle for the best lodgings, the best loot, and some sort of a girl friend, whether in Holland, Belgium or Germany. Mr. Colin MacInnes writes with a great deal of verve, and an alarming amount of knowledge, of the various dodges and tricks to which the canny soldier resorts to make his lot, if not a happy, at least a bearable one.

STOLEN JOURNEY (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is the story of a Third Man, the third man in the almost incredible *Wooden Horse* escape attempt. From that memorable book we know the story of the two others, and the way in which they finally emerged on the far side of the *stalag* wire and made for freedom together. Mr. Oliver Philpot's story is even more extraordinary in its way, for he made his escape through the wooden horse alone, and made it with a speed which may never have been equalled by any other P.O.W.

CHEKHOV (Allen and Unwin. 21s.) is an unsentimental study of a writer and playwright who has had an immense influence on the writing of the twentieth century, particularly in England and in the United States. Mr. Ronald Hingley writes both of the man and of his work, though some will think that he is happier with the less personal assessments, and he has contrived a distinguished if not an exciting biography.

Elizabeth Blackwell, who was to be the first woman doctor, was born in the year of George IV's accession and died soon after Edward VII, the span of her life very nearly equalling that of her friend, Florence Nightingale. Miss Nightingale's example helped her, and it was Miss Nightingale, she said, who opened her eyes to the fact that "sanitation is the supreme goal of medicine, its foundation and its crown." CHILD OF DESTINY (Gollancz. 16s.) is something more than a competent biography by Ishbel Ross, of the woman who, trained in Geneva and in Paris, began to practise, against bitter opposition, in New York.

Anyone prone to brood about foreign travel allowances or the lack of enterprise in the present-day Briton, should read SETTLERS (Faber and Faber. 25s.), a book steeped in the spirit of adventure and courage. It consists of extracts from the journals and letters of early colonists in the countries we used, as it seemed to us quite properly, to call our colonies. These papers have been edited with an admirable lack of comment by Mr. John Hale, and illustrated with contemporary drawings, and are a delight and in some cases an inspiration to read.

ELIZABETH'S IRISH WARS (Methuen. 25s.) is perhaps not the reading to appeal to the widest of publics, but Professor Cyril Falls, whose history of the last war was so outstanding, manages to bring a freshly analytical mind to their study, and to make their infinite complications at least readable.

THE ENIGMATIC EMIN

A Man in Whom, Despite the Proverbs, East and West Did Meet

Dr. Eduard Oscar Theodor Schnitzer, born of German parents in 1840 in the Prussian province of Silesia, who fled to the Sudan to escape the consequences of an amorous intrigue, who won the notice of General Gordon, and became at his instigation the Governor of Equatoria, is to-day an almost forgotten figure. Once the world buzzed with his name. When the Sudan was abandoned in 1884 Emin, as he came to be known, was left in the heart of his equatorial dominion, whence he was rescued four years later by Stanley. The rescue was much against Emin's will, for this natural administrator of many gifts was happy in his Central African Governorship, in a land the size of Ireland, and no less turbulent, which he had ruled by conciliation with no other aid than that of a wandering Italian geographer, a Tunisian Jew apothecary, a Greek merchant and a band of Egyptian officers, half of whom were rebels sent to Equatoria instead of prison. On Emin's reluctant return to Europe every capital sought to fête him, but he would have none of it and, remembering that he was a German, entered the colonial service of his country. From then on he was branded as a monster of ingratitude not only by the ladies of the Emin Relief Committee, not only by the British Press, but by nearly everyone who had had any dealings with him in Africa or Europe. From being a hero to the world he was labelled as an incompetent and a bungler. In the slimmest of slim volumes A. J. A. Symons attempts to unravel the mystery of EMIN, GOVERNOR OF EQUATORIA (Falcon Press. 7s. 6d.). This new summing-up, which can be read in an hour, and is based in part on the testimony of Captain Harold Fisher, shows how popular judgment came to be reversed, how this second Gordon, who had to be rescued at all cost, became almost overnight a figure of contempt. Mr. Symons' monograph, which first appeared in 1928, is an eloquent re-assessment of a man with many of the true marks of greatness, a learned white pasha who practised in his black domain the liberal principles which he had no doubt heard from the lips of Gordon as he expounded them beneath the trees of Lado. It is a new and mature judgment on one who did not merit the world's scorn.

"*Je me presse de rire de tout, de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer.*" Patrick O'Donovan, a distinguished young foreign correspondent in the Far East, takes these words from Beaumarchais to provide the title for his intensely human record of journalistic travel from Singapore to Nanking, FOR FEAR OF WEEPING (Macgibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.) Mr. Donovan has followed the downfall of the old order in Asia, and has witnessed the birth of the new. He saw "Nanking collapse like an old tent," in fact, the disintegration of the whole corrupt Nationalist regime, before the advance of the Communist armies. He left a few days before the fall of Shanghai and returned to England by way of Indonesia, in the throes of finally throwing off Dutch dominion, and Indo-China, where Vietnam and Vietminh clash. Mr. Donovan's description of French plantation life in embattled Indo-China is a fine piece of reporting and a fine piece of writing. He emphasises the great courage of the French civilians and, in conjuring up the atmosphere of a fragrant land, perhaps helps us to understand why the French are so loath to quit.

Another travel book, but in vastly different, infinitely more leisurely vein, is Osbert Sitwell's WINTERS OF CONTENT AND OTHER DISCURSIONS (Gerald Duckworth. 21s.). This is in part a reprint of the two earlier volumes, *Discursions* and *Winters of Content*, which saw the light of day between the wars. The result is a delightful set of Mediterranean sketches, and these journeyings abroad by classic shores in the company of such an erudite guide as Mr. Sitwell are deeply satisfying. As ever, he charms by the elegance of his style and the wide range of his imagination.

The outstanding art event of 1950 was the opening to the public of many famed English houses, and because of this THE CONNOISSEUR YEAR BOOK FOR 1951 (National Magazine Company. 15s.) has produced a special feature on the subject, covering, indeed, the greater part of the volume. The houses selected for description and illustration are Chatsworth, Blenheim, Hatfield, Compton Wynyates, Penshurst, Longleat, Castle Ashby and Polesden Lacy. Another year-book which is now established as a firm favourite is THE HORSEMAN'S YEAR (Collins. 10s. 6d.), edited by Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Lyon. As usual, the photographic section is first-rate, but followers of National Hunt racing will find sadness in these pages which record the feats of the late Lord Mildmay and of that good horse Monaveen, which might well have won a Grand National for the Queen. There is an interesting chapter on the famous Calumet Farm.

Among the Reprints—Arnold Bennett's novel THE PRETTY LADY (Richards Press. 9s. 6d.), Coventry Patmore's THE ROD, THE ROOT AND THE FLOWER (Grey Walls Press. 10s. 6d.), edited with an introduction by Derek Patmore.

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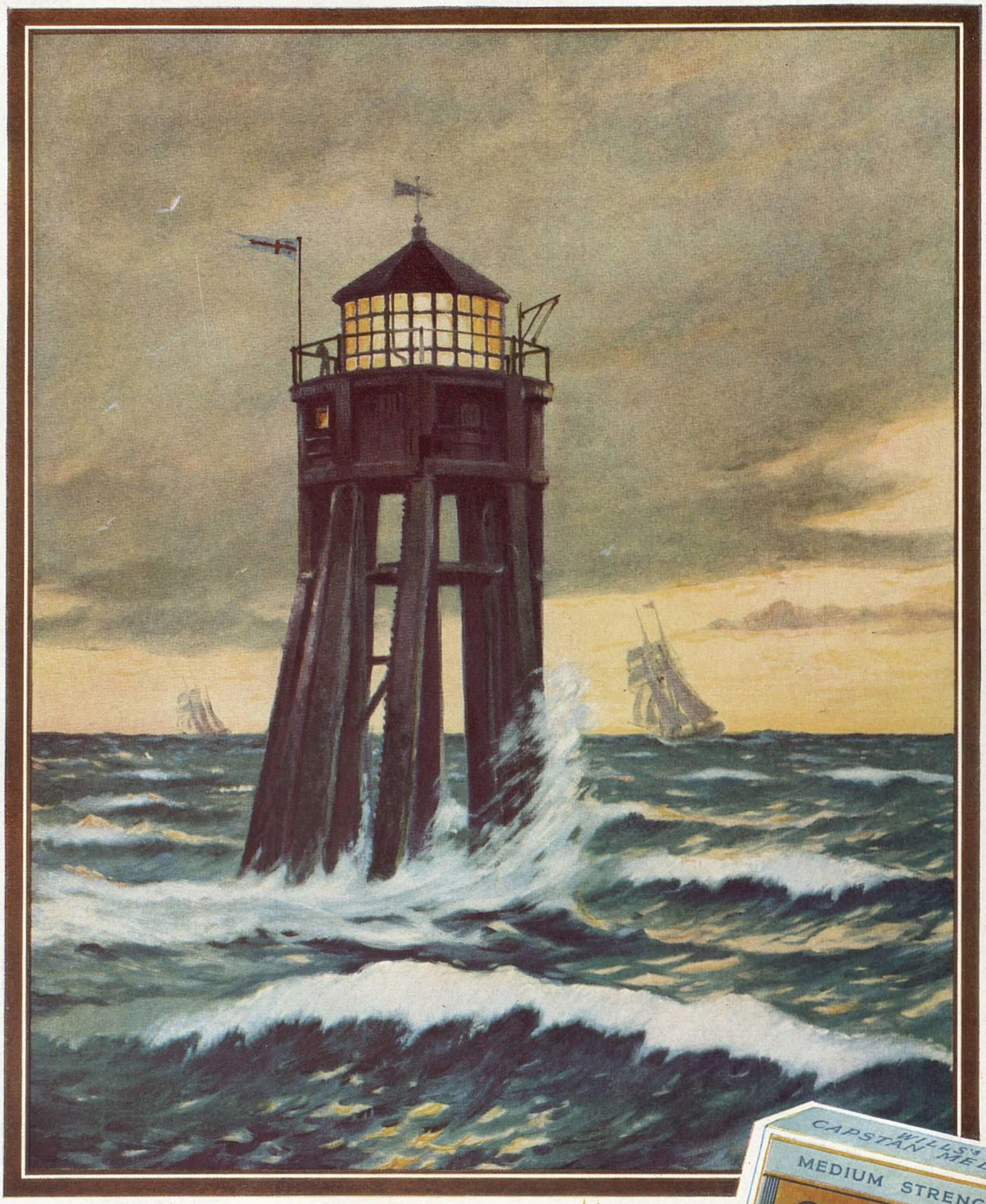

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Henry Whiteside, a musical instrument maker chosen to construct the lighthouse because his charges would be less than those of professional engineers, must have been a minor genius. His skeleton tower, depicted here, built first of iron but soon rebuilt in oak, weathered immense stresses for 80 years.

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